THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

DR. JONATH. SWIFT,

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

8/79

------Two Chiefs, the guardians of thy name,
Conſpire to raiſe thee to the point of fame.
Ye future Times! I heard the ſilver ſound,
I ſaw the Graces form a circle round:
Each where ſhe fix'd attentive ſeem'd to root,
And all but Eloquence herſelf was mute.
 From out her breaſt ('twas there the treaſure lay)
She drew thy Labours to the blaze of day;
Then gaz'd, and read the charms ſhe could inſpire,
And taught the liſt'ning audience to admire-----
Then here, ſhe cries, let future ages dwell,
And learn to copy what they can't excel-----
 O SWIFT! if fame be life (as well we know
That bards and heroes have eſteem'd it ſo)
Thou can'ſt not wholly die; thy Works will ſhine
To future times, and life in fame be thine. PARNELL.

VOL. I.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1778.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

FROM 1689 TO 1713.

Perhaps I may allow the Dean
Had too much satire in his vein,
And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,
Because no age could more deserve it:
Yet malice never was his aim;
He lash'd the vice, but spar'd the name------
Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,
Must be or ridicul'd or lash'd------
As for his Works in verse or prose,
I own myself no judge of those;
Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em;
But this I know, all people bought 'em,
As with a moral view design'd,
To please and to reform mankind;
And if he often miss'd his aim,
The world must own it, to their shame,
The praise is his, and theirs the blame.

VERSES ON THE DEATH OF SWIFT.

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THE LIFE OF

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

A LATE writer justly obferves, that "there has rarely " paffed a life of which a judicious and faithful nar- " rative would not be ufeful: for," adds he, " not " only every man has, in the mighty mafs of the " world, great numbers in the fame condition with " himfelf, to whom his miftakes and mifcarriages, " efcapes and expedients, would be of immediate and " apparent ufe; but there is fuch an uniformity in " the ftate of man, if it be confidered apart from ad- " ventitious and feparable decorations and difguifes, " that there is fcarce any poffibility of good or ill but " is common to human-kind. A great part of the " time of thofe who are placed at the greateft dif- " tance by fortune or by temper, muft unavoidably " pafs in the fame manner; and though, when the " claims of nature are fatisfied, caprice, and vanity, " and accident, begin to produce difcriminations and " peculiarities; yet the eye is not very heedful or " quick which cannot difcover the fame caufes ftill " terminating their influence in the fame effects, " though fometimes accelerated, fometimes retarded " or perplexed, by multiplied combinations. We are " all prompted by the fame motives, all deceived by " the fame fallacies, all animated by hope, obftruct- " ed by danger, entangled by defire, and feduced by " pleafure *."

* Rambler, Numb. 60.

If a faithful and judicious narrative of an ordinary life would be ſo apparently uſeful, ſtill greater utility may be expected to ariſe from that of the life of one who has made an illuſtrious figure on the ſtage of the world, and employed his talents in the ſervice of mankind and his country. Dr. Swift was certainly a man of that diſtinguiſhed character: he was eminent for his genius, his learning, his charities, and many virtues; and though he had faults, yet his faults were outnumbered by his virtues; and as the failings of great men are to be carefully avoided, their virtues command reſpect, and are proper objects of imitation. An account, therefore, of the life and character of the celebrated Dr. Swift cannot but be highly agreeable to the reader, and will, it is hoped, afford both delight and inſtruction.

Dr. Jonathan Swift was deſcended from a younger branch of an ancient family of that name in Yorkſhire; but the account of his family ſhall be as ſhort as poſſible, ſince, as Lord Orrery obſerves, though his anceſtors were perſons of very decent and reputable characters, (and the elder branch of the family ennobled) he himſelf has been the herald to blazon the dignity of their coat. Bernam Swift, Eſq. otherwiſe called Cavaliero Swift, a gentleman of great wit and humour, who in the reign of K. James I. poſſeſſed the paternal eſtate, was, on the 20th March 1627, by King Charles I. created a peer of Ireland, by the title of

Lord Viſcount Carlingford, though it is ſaid he never went into that kingdom. He died without male iſſue, and the family inheritance deſcended to his daughters, one of whom married Robert Fielding, commonly called Handſome Fielding, and the other the Earl of Eglington. Fielding ſoon diſſipated his wife's patrimony, and that of her ſiſter being transferred to the family of Lord Eglington, the principal eſtate of the Swifts was divided from the name for ever.

One of the younger branches from the ſame ſtem was Sir Edward Swift, who diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his attachment to the royal cauſe in the war between King Charles I. and his Parliament, from whom there is no deſcendent of the name.

Another of the younger branches was the Rev. Mr. Thomas Swift, Vicar of Goodrich, Herefordſhire, with which he alſo held another eccleſiaſtical living.

His father, William Swift, Rector of St. Andrew's in Canterbury, married the heireſs of Philpot, who contrived to keep her eſtate, which was very conſiderable, in her own hands. She is ſaid to have been extremely capricious and ill-natured, and to have diſinherited her ſon Thomas, an only child, merely for robbing an orchard when he was a boy. But however this be, it is certain that except a church or chapter leaſe which was not renewed, Thomas never poſſeſſed more than 100 *l.* a-year. This little eſtate, which lay at Goodrich, in Herefordſhire, he mortga-

ged for three hundred broad pieces, and having quilted them into his waiſtcoat, he ſet out for Ragland Caſtle, whither King Charles I. had retired after the battle of Naſeby, in 1645. The governor, who well knew him, aſked what was his errand? "I am come," ſaid Swift, "to give his Majeſty my coat;" at the ſame time pulling it off, and preſenting it. The governor told him pleaſantly, that his coat was worth little. "Why "then," ſaid Swift, "take my waiſtcoat." This was ſoon found to be an uſeful garment by its weight; and it is remarked by Lord Clarendon, that the King received no ſupply more ſeaſonable or acceptable than theſe three hundred broad pieces during the whole war, his diſtreſs being then very great, and his reſources cut off. The zeal and activity of this gentleman for the royal cauſe expoſed him to much danger and many ſufferings. He was plundered more than thirty times by the Parliament's army, and was ejected from his church livings, his eſtate was ſequeſtered, and he was himſelf thrown into priſon. His eſtate, however, was afterwards recovered, and part of it ſold to pay the money due on the mortgage, and ſome other debts; the remainder, being about one half, deſcended to his heir, and is now poſſeſſed by his great grandſon, Deane Swift, Eſq.

This Mr. Thomas Swift married Mrs. Elizabeth Dryden, of an ancient family in Huntingdonſhire, ſiſter to the father of the famous John Dryden the

poet, by whom he had ten ſons and four daughters. He died in 1658; and of his ſons ſix ſurvived him, Godwin, Thomas, Dryden, William, Jonathan, and Adam.

Thomas was bred at Oxford, and took orders: he married the eldeſt daughter of Sir William D'Avenant, but dying young, he left only one ſon, whoſe name alſo was Thomas, and who died in May 1752, in the 87th year of his age, Rector of Puttenham in Surrey, a benefice which he had poſſeſſed ſixty years. Godwin was a barriſter of Gray's Inn; and William, Dryden, Jonathan, and Adam, were attorneys.

Godwin having married a relation of the old Marchioneſs of Ormond, the old Duke of Ormond made him his Attorney-general in the palatinate of Tipperary in Ireland. Ireland was at this time almoſt without lawyers, the rebellion having made almoſt every man, of whatever condition, a ſoldier. Godwin therefore determined to attempt the acquiſition of a fortune in that kingdom, and the ſame motives induced his four brothers to go with him. Godwin ſoon became wealthy, and the reſt obtained ſomething more than a genteel competence, though Dryden and Jonathan, who died ſoon after their arrival, had little to bequeath.

Jonathan, at the age of about three-and-twenty, and before he went to Ireland, married Mrs. Abigail

Erick of Leicestershire. The family of this lady was descended from Erick the Forester, who raised an army to oppose William the Conqueror, by whom he was vanquished, and afterwards made commander of his forces. But whatever was the honour of her lineage, her fortune was small; and about two years after her marriage she was left a widow with one child, (a daughter) and pregnant with another, having no means of subsistence but an annuity of 20 *l.* which her husband had purchased for her in England immediately after his marriage.

In this distress she was taken, with her daughter, into the family of Godwin, her husband's eldest brother, and, on the 30th of November 1667, about seven months after her husband's death, she was, in Hoey's Alley, in the parish of St. Werburgh, Dublin, delivered of a son, whom she called Jonathan, in remembrance of his father, and who was afterwards the celebrated Dean of St. Patrick's.

Of all the brothers of Mrs. Swift's husband, Thomas excepted, Godwin only had sons; and by these sons she was subsisted in her old age, as she had been before by their father and their uncles, with such liberality, that she declared herself not only happy but rich.

It happened, by whatever accident, that Jonathan was not suckled by his mother, but by a nurse who was a native of Whitehaven; and when he was about

a year old, her affection for him was become fo ftrong, that finding it neceffary to vifit a relation who was dangeroufly fick, and from whom fhe expected a legacy, fhe found means to convey the child on fhipboard, without the knowledge of his mother or his uncle, and carried him with her to Whitehaven. At this place he continued near three years; for when the matter was difcovered, his mother fent orders not to hazard a fecond voyage till he fhould be better able to bear it. The nurfe, however, gave other teftimonies of her affection to Jonathan; for during his ftay at Whitehaven fhe had taught him to fpell, and when he was five years old he was able to read any chapter in the Bible.

Mrs. Swift, about two years after her hufband's death, quitted the family of Mr. Godwin Swift in Ireland, and retired to Leicefter, the place of her nativity; but her fon was again carried to Ireland by his nurfe, and replaced under the protection of his uncle Godwin.

It has been generally believed that Swift was born in England, a miftake to which many incidents befides this have contributed. He had been frequently heard to fay, when the people of Ireland difpleafed him,* "I am not of this vile country; I am an Eng- "lifhman;" and would infift that he was ftolen from England when a child, and brought over to Ireland in a band-box. Mr. Pope alfo, in one of his letters

to him, mentions England as his native country. But whatever the motives were that prevailed on Dr. Swift to ſpeak in this manner, they were not borrowed from any ſort of contempt which he had ſecretly entertained againſt Ireland, conſidered merely as a nation, but rather proceeded from ſeveral other ſources, which will appear afterward. This account of his birth is taken from that which he left behind him in his own hand-writing, and, while he lived, he was ſo far from ſeriouſly denying or concealing his being a native of Ireland, that he often mentioned, and even pointed out, the houſe in which he was born.

He has alſo been thought by ſome to have been a natural ſon of Sir William Temple, a miſtake which was probably founded upon another; for till the publication of his letter to Lord Viſc. Palmerſton, among his Poſthumous Works, he was thought to have received ſuch favours from Sir William as he could not be ſuppoſed to beſtow upon a perſon to whom he was not related, and but diſtantly related to his wife. However, ſuch a relation between Sir William and the Dean appears beyond contradiction to have been impoſſible; for Sir William Temple was reſident abroad in a public character from the year 1665 to 1670, firſt at Bruſſels, and afterwards at the Hague, as may be proved by his letters to the Earl of Arlington, and the reſt of the miniſtry; ſo that Dr. Swift's mother, who never croſſed the ſea, ex-

cept from England to Ireland, was out of all poſſibility of a perſonal correſpondence with Sir William Temple till ſome years after her ſon's birth, who, as before obſerved, was born in 1667.

At about the age of ſix years, 1673, he was ſent to the ſchool of Kilkenny and having continued there eight years, he was, at the age of fourteen, 1681, admitted into the univerſity of Dublin, and became a ſtudent in Trinity College. There he lived in perfect regularity, and obeyed the ſtatutes with the utmoſt exactneſs; but the moroſeneſs of his temper often rendered him very unacceptable to his companions, ſo that he was little regarded, and leſs beloved: and he was ſo much depreſſed by the diſadvantages of his ſituation, deriving his preſent ſubſiſtence merely from the precarious bounty of an uncle, and having no other object of hope but the continuance of it, that he could not reſiſt the temptation to neglect many neceſſary objects of academic ſtudy, to which he was not by nature much inclined, and apply himſelf wholly to books of hiſtory and poetry, by which he could, without intellectual labour, fill his mind with pleaſing images, and for a while ſuſpend the ſenſe of his condition. The ſacrifice of the future to the preſent, whether it be a folly or a fault, is ſeldom unpuniſhed, and Swift ſoon found himſelf in the ſituation of a man who had burned his bed to warm his hands; for at the end of four years, in the year 1685,

he was refused his degree of Bachelor of Arts for insufficiency, and was at last admitted *speciali gratia*, which is there considered as the highest degree of reproach and dishonour. It is, says Lord Orrery, a kind of dishonourable degree; and the record of it, notwithstanding Dr. Swift's present established character throughout the learned world, must for ever remain against him in the academical register at Dublin.

But upon Swift this punishment was not ineffectual: he dreaded the repetition of such a disgrace as the last evil that could befal him, and therefore immediately set about to prevent it as the principal business of his life. During seven years from that time he studied eight hours a-day; and by such an effort of such a mind, so long continued, great knowledge must necessarily have been acquired. He commenced these studies at the university in Dublin, where he continued them three years, till 1688; and during this time he also drew the first sketch of his Tale of a Tub.

In 1688, when he was about twenty-one, and had been seven years at the College, his uncle Godwin was seized with a lethargy, and soon after totally deprived both of his speech and his memory. As by this accident Swift was left without support, he took a journey to Leicester, that he might consult with his mother what course of life to pursue. At this time Sir William Temple was in high reputation, and ho-

noured with the confidence and familiarity of King William. His father, Sir John Temple, had been Maſter of the Rolls in Ireland, and contracted an intimate friendſhip with Godwin Swift, which continued till his death; and Sir William, who inherited his title and eſtate, had married a lady to whom Mrs. Swift was related. She therefore adviſed her ſon to communicate his ſituation to Sir William, and ſolicit his direction what to do. This advice, which perhaps only confirmed a reſolution that Swift had ſecretly taken before he left Ireland, he immediately reſolved to purſue.

Sir William received him, in 1690, with great kindneſs, and Swift's firſt viſit continued two years. Sir William had been ambaſſador and mediator of a general piece at Nimeguen before the Revolution. In this character he became known to the Prince of Orange, who afterwards, when King, frequently viſited him at Sheen, and took his advice in affairs of the utmoſt importance. Sir William being then lame with the gout, Swift uſed to attend his Majeſty in his walks about the garden, who admitted him to ſuch familiarity, that he ſhewed him how to cut aſparagus after the Dutch manner, and once offered to make him a captain of horſe. Swift appears to have fixed his mind very early upon an eccleſiaſtical life; and it is therefore probable that, upon declining this offer, he obtained a promiſe of preferment in the

church; for in a letter to his uncle William Swift, dated in 1692, he ſays, "I am not to take orders till "the King gives me a prebend."

Sir William becoming ſtill more infirm, and wiſhing to retire farther from London, bought an eſtate at Farnham in Surrey, called Moorpark, whither he was accompanied by Swift. About this time a bill was brought into the Houſe for triennial parliaments, againſt which the King, who was a ſtranger to the Engliſh conſtitution, was very averſe, by the advice of ſome weak people, who perſuaded the Earl of Portland that Charles I. loſt his crown and life by conſenting to ſuch a bill. Upon this occaſion the Earl was by the King diſpatched to Moorpark for Sir William's advice, who ſaid much to ſhew him the miſtake, but without effect: and therefore he ſoon afterwards diſpatched Swift to Kenſington with the whole account in writing, to convince the King and the Earl how ill they were informed. Swift, though he was then very young, was yet well acquainted with the Engliſh hiſtory, and gave the King a compendious account of the matter, which he amplified to the Earl. But the meaſure was at laſt rejected; and thus ended Swift's firſt embaſſy to court, ſo much to his diſſatisfaction, that he then declared it was the firſt incident that helped to cure him of vanity. Soon after this tranſaction he was ſeized with the return of a diſorder which he had contracted in Ireland by eating a great quantity of fruit,

and upon this occaſion returned thither by the advice of his phyſicians, who hoped that his native air would contribute to the recovery of his health. But from this journey he received no benefit; and therefore in a ſhort time returned to Sir William, being ever afterwards ſubject to that giddineſs, which gradually increaſed, though with irregular intermiſſions, till it terminated in total debility of body and mind.

But he was ſtill indefatigable in his ſtudies; and to prevent the loſs of health in the acquiſition of knowledge by the want of bodily exerciſe, it was his conſtant practice to run up an hill that was near the houſe, and back again, every two hours. The diſtance backwards and forwards was about half a mile, and he uſed to run it in about ſix minutes. By what books his ſtudies were principally directed cannot certainly be known; but ſeveral copious extracts from Cyprian, Irenæus, Sleidan's Commentaries, and Padre Paolo's Hiſtory of the Council of Trent, were found among his papers, which appear, by memorandums in his own hand-writing, to have been made while he lived with Sir William Temple.

About a year after his return from Ireland he thought it expedient to take his degree of Maſter of Arts at Oxford. With this view he appears to have written to his uncle William Swift, to procure and ſend him the *teſtimonium* of his Bachelor's degree. With this *teſtimonium*, which is dated May 3. 1692,

he went to Oxford, where, having received many civilities, he was admitted *ad eundem* June 14th, and took his Maſter's degree July 5th, following.

It has been ſaid that the civilities which he received at Oxford proceeded from a miſunderſtanding of the phraſe *ſpeciali gratia*, which was there ſuppoſed to be a compliment paid to uncommon merit: but theſe words are not to be found in that copy of the *teſtimonium* which is entered in the Congregation-book at Oxford, and not to have inſerted them there, when they were thought a compliment, would have been an affront: it is therefore probable that, by the influence of Swift's uncle, they were omitted in the copy which he procured and ſent; eſpecially as ſome ſuch favour ſeems to be intimated in Swift's letter to him, after he had received it: "I am ſtill," ſays he, "to thank you for "your care in my *teſtimonium;* and it was to a very "good purpoſe, for I was never more ſatisfied than "in the behaviour of the Univerſity." The civilities which he received at Oxford might indeed proceed from his known connexion with Sir William Temple; but he might reaſonably impute them alſo to the ſuppreſſion of a reproach againſt which there was good reaſon to fear this connexion would not have ſupported him; nor is it ſtrange that Swift, after his reputation was eſtabliſhed, ſhould, while he was ſporting with this incident in the gaiety of his heart, pretend a miſtake which never happened, or that which he meant

as a jeſt upon the Univerſity ſhould be ſeriouſly remembered as an event of his life.

It has alſo been ſaid, that upon his diſgrace at Dublin he reſolved to purſue his ſtudies at Oxford, where he almoſt conſtantly reſided during three years, and was avowedly ſupported by Sir William Temple; but the contrary is inconteſtably true; for there are not quite two months between the date of his *teſtimonium* and his taking his Maſter's degree. Beſides, in the letter to his uncle, juſt mentioned, he ſays, "I "am aſhamed to be more obliged, in a few weeks, "to ſtrangers, than in ſeven years to Dublin Col"lege."

From Oxford he returned again to Moorpark, where he aſſiſted Sir William Temple to reviſe his works, corrected and improved his Tale of a Tub, and added the digreſſions. From the converſation of Sir William, who was minutely acquainted with all the intricacies of party, and the ſecrets of ſtate, during the reigns of K. Charles II. and K. James II. Swift greatly increaſed his political knowledge; but having long ſuſpected Sir William of neglecting to provide for him, merely that he might keep him in his family, he at length reſented it ſo warmly, that, in 1694, a quarrel enſued, and they parted.

It is probable that Swift did not leave Sir William for ſuch a reaſon without ſevere expoſtulation, not only becauſe Swift was no reſpecter of perſons, but becauſe

it appears that Sir William, though he was extremely angry, admitted his claim to ſome proviſion, by offering to make him his Deputy as Maſter of the Rolls in Ireland. This offer, however, Swift did not accept; but replied, that ſince he had now an opportunity of living without being driven into the church for ſupport, a ſcruple which had hitherto kept him out of it, he was determined to go into Ireland and take orders.

Swift, during his reſidence with Sir William, had never failed to viſit his mother at Leiceſter once a-year, and his manner of travelling was very extraordinary; he always went on foot, except the weather was very bad, and then he would ſometimes take ſhelter in a waggon. He choſe to dine at obſcure alehouſes among pedlars and hoſtlers, and to lie where he ſaw written over the door 'Lodgings for a penny;' but he uſed to bribe the maid with a teſter for a ſingle bed and clean ſheets. He delighted, ſays Lord Orrery, in ſcenes of low life. The vulgar dialect was not only a fund of humour for him, but I verily believe was acceptable to his nature; otherwiſe I know not how to account for the many filthy ideas and indecent expreſſions (I mean indecent in point of cleanlineſs and delicacy) that will be found throughout his Works.

In this manner he went down to his mother upon his leaving Sir William, and from Leiceſter he wrote a letter, dated June 1694, to his couſin Deane Swift, then at Liſbon, in which he relates his quarrel with

Sir William, and declares his purpose to take orders in the September following, wishing he could procure for him the chaplainship of the Factory.

What was the effect of this letter is not known, but Swift soon after obtained a recommendation (supposed to be from Sir William Temple) to Lord Capel, then Lord Deputy of Ireland, who gave him the prebend of Kilroot, in the Diocese of Connor, a northern district, worth about a 100 *l.* a-year. But Sir William, who had been used to the conversation of Swift, soon found that he could not be content to live without him; he therefore urged him to resign his prebend in favour of a friend, and promised to obtain preferment for him in England if he would return. Swift consented; and Sir William was so much pleased with this act of kindness, that during the remainder of his life, which was about four years, his behaviour was such as produced the utmost harmony between them. Swift, as a testimony of his friendship and esteem, wrote the Battle of the Books, of which Sir William is the hero; and Sir William, when he died, left him a pecuniary legacy, (supposed to have been about 500 *l.*) and his Posthumous Works.

What other favours he received from Sir William cannot certainly be known. Swift acknowledged none but his ineffectual recommendation to K. William; and he is known to have received frequent remittances from his uncle William and his uncle Willoughby

Swift, so that Sir William does not seem to have treated him with liberality, for which it is difficult to account.

Upon the death of Sir William Temple, Swift applied by petition to K. William for the first vacant prebend of Canterbury or Westminster, for which the royal promise had been obtained by his late patron, whose Posthumous Works he dedicated to his Majesty, to facilitate the success of this application; but it does not appear that, after the death of Sir William, the King took the least notice of Mr. Swift: his petition and dedication were equally neglected; and after a fruitless attendance at court, which probably increased the austerity of his temper, he accepted an invitation of the Earl of Berkeley, who had been appointed one of the Lords Justices of Ireland, to attend him as chaplain and private secretary. It might reasonably have been hoped, that although he had been disappointed of the preferment for which he solicited, yet the employment to which he was invited would have been secure; but it happened, that after he had acted as secretary during the whole journey to Dublin, one Bush found means to insinuate to Lord Berkeley that the post of secretary was not fit for a clergyman; and his Lordship suffered himself to be so easily convinced of this impropriety, that, after making some apology to Mr. Swift, he appointed Bush secretary in his stead.

This disappointment was soon after followed by

another. It happened that the Deanery of Derry became vacant, and it was the Earl of Berkeley's turn to dispose of it; yet whatever atonement was due to Swift for his Lordship's late breach of engagement, the secretary having received a bribe, the Deanery was given to another, upon pretence that Swift, who was then more than thirty years old, was too young; and he received, instead of it, the two livings of Laracor and Rathbeggin, in the Diocese of Meath, which together did not amount to half the value of the Deanery. The first of these rectories was worth about 200 *l.* and the latter about 60 *l.* a-year; and they were the only church-preferments that Dr. Swift enjoyed till he was appointed Dean of St. Patrick's, in 1713.

Whilst Swift was chaplain to Lord Berkeley, his only sister, who was of the middle size, finely shaped, rather beyond what is called the agreeable throughout her whole person, was polite and well bred, with at least a good share of understanding, and at that time worth 300 *l.* by the consent and approbation of her uncles and relations, accepted a proposal of marriage from a tradesman, whose fortune, character, and situation, were esteemed, by all her friends, suitable for her in every respect: he was reputed to be worth five thousand pounds. Having communicated this proposal to her brother, and finding him utterly averse from entertaining the most distant thoughts of it, she

began to remonſtrate to him in the way of reaſon, (for the match was by no means very deſirable in her own breaſt) that ſhe could not ſupport herſelf on her 300*l.*: on which her brother aſſured her that he would never ſee her want the neceſſaries or the conveniencies of life; and, as a further proof, to convince her that his regards were truly affectionate and ſincere, he promiſed to ſettle upon her 500*l.* being all he was then poſſeſſed of in the world, the very hour he ſhould get ſome benefice in the church, which he daily expected, provided ſhe would reject this overture of marriage with a proper diſdain. But the match having taken place notwithſtanding her brother's remonſtrances, it was entirely diſagreeable to him: it ſeemed to interrupt thoſe ambitious views which he had long ſince formed: he grew outrageous at the thoughts of being brother-in-law to a tradeſman: he utterly refuſed all reconciliation with his ſiſter, nor ever would liſten to the entreaties of his mother, who came over to Ireland, under almoſt a certainty of pacifying his anger, having, in all other reſpects, ever found him a dutiful and obedient ſon: but his pride was not to be conquered; and Mrs. Swift, finding her ſon inflexible, haſtened back to Leiceſter, where ſhe continued till her death. However, his ſiſter's marriage proved in the end very unfortunate. The huſband was an old, tyrannical, vicious rake: and with regard to his 5000*l.* he was ſcarce worth half ſo much on the day

he was married. After he had two or three children he broke and died, leaving his family in very deplorable circumſtances. Mr Swift upon this event acquainted his ſiſter by meſſage, (for he would never be ſo far reconciled as to ſee her face) that he would allow her 20 *l.* a-year during her life, provided ſhe would live in England, but not otherwiſe. She accordingly went to England, where ſhe conſtantly received her annuity till her death.

In 1699 Swift had like to have burnt the Caſtle of Dublin, and Lord Berkeley in the midſt of it: for the Doctor, whoſe bedchamber was the next room to his Excellency's, having grown drowſy over his book while he was reading in bed, dropt aſleep without extinguiſhing his candle, which happening to fall upon his quilt, ſet it on fire, and burnt its paſſage quite through the bedclothes, until it reached his thigh. Swift, rouſed by the pain, leapt out of bed, and extinguiſhed the fire, which by this time had burnt part of the curtains. He took care to have the damages repaired; and by throwing away ſome guineas in huſh-money, the accident was never made known in the Caſtle.

As Swift had refuſed a commiſſion under King William, and a ſecular employment under Sir William Temple, it appears that his attachment to a religious life, however early, and however ſtrong, was not the effect of temporary views, but of zeal for the

ſucceſs of the great work in which he was about to engage, and a conſciouſneſs of his own ability to acquit himſelf with advantage. That religious purpoſes were at this time predominant in his mind he uſed frequently to declare; he hoped, he ſaid, that by diligent and conſtant application he ſhould ſo far excel, that the ſexton might ſometimes be aſked, on a Sunday morning, "Pray, does the Doctor preach to-"day?" And when, after having taken poſſeſſion of his livings, he went to reſide at Laracor, he gave public notice that he would read prayers on every Wedneſday and Friday, a labour which he would not have brought upon himſelf if he had been principally concerned about the value of his dues, which had been long before cuſtomarily paid for much leſs ſervice.

The duties of the church, which he thus rendered more frequent, he performed with the utmoſt punctuality and the moſt rational devotion. He was indeed devout not only in his public and ſolemn addreſſes to God, but in that tranſient act of adoration which is called Saying grace, and which generally conſiſts only in a mutter and a bow, in which the ſpeaker appears to compliment the company, and the company each other. Swift always uſed the feweſt words that could be uttered on the occaſion, but he pronounced them with an emphaſis and fervour which every one around him ſaw and felt, and with his hands claſped in each other, and lifted to his breaſt:

and it is hoped that thoſe who can no otherwiſe emulate the character of Swift, will attempt it in this act of religious decorum, and no longer affect either to be wits or fine gentlemen, by a conduct directly contrary to ſo great an example.

But Swift, with all this piety in his heart, could not reſiſt the temptation to indulge the peculiarity of his humour when an opportunity offered, whatever might be the impropriety of time and place.

On the firſt Wedneſday after he had ſummoned his congregation at Laracor he aſcended his deſk, and having ſat ſome time with no other auditor than his clerk Roger, he roſe up, and, with a compoſure and gravity that upon this occaſion was irreſiſtibly ridiculous, he began, "Dearly beloved Roger! the Scrip-"ture moveth you and me in ſundry places;" and ſo proceeded to the end of the ſervice.

During Swift's reſidence at Laracor he invited to Ireland a lady whom he has celebrated by the name of Stella. With this lady he became acquainted while he lived with Sir William Temple: ſhe was the daughter of his ſteward, whoſe name was Johnſon; and Sir William, when he died, left her 1000 *l.* in conſideration of her father's faithful ſervices. At the death of Sir William, which happened in January 1698-9, ſhe was in the ſixteenth year of her age: and it was about two years afterwards that, at Swift's invitation, ſhe left England, accompanied by her friend

Mrs. Dingley, a lady who was fifteen years older, and whose whole fortune, though she was related to Sir William, was no more than an annuity of 27 *l.* Whether Swift, at this time, desired the company of Stella as a wife or a friend is not certain; but the reason which she and her companion then gave for their leaving England was, that in Ireland the interest of money was high, and provisions were cheap. It appears, however, that other reasons were suspected in the neighbourhood of Moorpark: for Mr. Thomas Swift, the Rector of Puttenham, in a letter dated Feb. 5. 1706, inquires "whether Jonathan was married, or whether he had been able to resist the charms "of both those gentlewomen who marched from "Moorpark to Dublin with a resolution to engage "him?" It appears, too, that Swift, if he did not address her himself, yet contrived to break off a treaty of marriage with another, by persuading her to insist upon terms with which the gentleman could not comply. But whatever was Swift's attachment to Mrs. Johnson, every possible precaution was taken to prevent scandal. They never lived in the same house. When Swift was absent from Laracor, Mrs. Johnson and her friend resided at the Parsonage; when he returned, they removed either to the house of Dr Raymond, Vicar of Trim, a gentleman of great hospitality, and Swift's intimate friend, or to a lodging provided for them in the neighbourhood:

neither were they ever known to meet but in the presence of a third person. Swift made frequent excursions to Dublin, and some to London; but Mrs. Johnson was buried in solitude and obscurity; she was known only to a few of Swift's most intimate acquaintance, and had no female companion except her friend Mrs. Dingley, who was by all accounts a very insipid companion.

In 1701 Swift took his Doctor's degree, and in 1702, soon after the death of King William, he went to England for the first time after his settlement at Laracor; a journey which he frequently repeated during the reign of Queen Anne. Mrs. Johnson was once also in England in 1705, but returned in a few months, and never afterwards crossed the Channel.

He soon became eminent as a writer, and in that character at least was known to the great men in both the factions, which were distinguished by the names of Whig and Tory. He had been educated among the Whigs, but he at length attached himself to the Tories, because, as he said, the Whigs had renounced their old principles, and received others which their forefathers held in utter abhorrence. He did not, however, write any political pamphlet from the year 1701 to the year 1708.

But though, by his frequent excursions to England, and a long absence from his cures, he appears to have delayed the execution of his purpose to excel as a

preacher, yet he uſed to declare that he did not renounce it till his acquaintance with Harley; nor did he ever mention his ſubſequent attachment to politics without indubitable ſignsof penitenceand regret.

It is probable that he hoped to exert himſelf more effectually in the church by acquiring ſome other preferment, and that, with this view, he was ſolicitous to be near the court; for before his acquaintance with Lord Oxford a biſhopric was intended for him by the Queen; but Abp. Sharpe, and a certain great lady, having miſrepreſented his principles and character, her Majeſty gave it to another. Of this injury, however, the Archbiſhop was afterwards truly ſenſible, expreſſed great ſorrow for it, and deſired his forgiveneſs.

After this diſappointment it was not long before a new ſcene opened before him; for in 1710, being then in England, he was impowered by his Grace the Lord Primate of Ireland to ſolicit the Queen to exonerate the clergy of Ireland from paying the twentieth parts and firſt-fruits; and upon this occaſion his acquaintance with Harley commenced.

As ſoon as he had received the Biſhop's letter, inſtructions, and authority, he reſolved to apply to Mr. Harley, not only becauſe he was a principal perſon in the Queen's miniſtry, but becauſe, by his intereſt, the ſame favour had been granted to the clergy of England. That he might not wait upon Mr. Harley, to

whom his name was well known, wholly without recommendation, he got himſelf repreſented as a perſon who had been extremely ill uſed by the laſt miniſtry, becauſe he would not go certain lengths which they would have had him, this being in ſome ſort Mr. Harley's own caſe.

Mr. Harley received him with the utmoſt kindneſs and reſpect; he ſat with him two hours in company, and two hours he was with him alone. He not only engaged in the Doctor's immediate buſineſs with the utmoſt zeal, and ſoon after accompliſhed it, but told him he muſt bring him acquainted with Mr. St. John; invited him to dine with him; charged him to come often; and, when the Doctor propoſed attending at his levee, told him that was no place for friends. The Doctor ſoon after became perſonally acquainted with the reſt of the miniſters, who appear to have courted and careſſed him with uncommon aſſiduity. He dined every Saturday at Mr. Harley's with the Lord Keeper, Mr. Secretary St. John, and Lord Rivers. On that day no other perſon was for ſome time admitted; but his ſelect company was at length enlarged to ſixteen, all men of the firſt claſs, Swift included. They dined once a-week at the houſes of each other by rotation, and went under the general denomination of Brothers.

From this time the Doctor ſupported the intereſt of his new friends with all his power in pamphlets,

poems, and periodical papers: his intimacy with them was ſo remarkable, that he was thought not only to defend, but in ſome degree to direct, their meaſures; and ſuch was his importance in the opinion of the oppoſite party, that many ſpeeches were made againſt him in both Houſes of Parliament. A reward was alſo offered for diſcovering the author of The Public Spirit of the Whigs.

Whatever excellence we poſſeſs, or whatever honours we obtain, the pleaſure which they produce is all relative to ſome particular favourite with whom we are tenderly connected either by friendſhip or by love; or, at moſt, it terminates, like rays collected by a burning-glaſs, in a very ſmall circle, which is ſcarce more than a point, and, like light, becomes ſenſible only by reflection. Thus Swift, while he was courted and careſſed by thoſe whom others were making intereſt to approach, ſeems to have enjoyed his diſtinction only in proportion as it was participated with Stella; for amidſt all the buſineſs, and all the honours that crowded upon him, he wrote every day an account of whatever occurred, and ſent her a journal, regularly dated, every fortnight, during the whole time of his connexion with Q. Anne's miniſtry. From theſe unreſtrained effuſions of his heart many particulars are known which could have been known no other way: and by theſe it appears inconteſtably, that he was not only employed but truſted; and that

Harley, who is univerſally allowed to have been one of the moſt reſerved and myſterious of all politicians, was to him, in affairs of the utmoſt moment, open and explicit. The reſult of one of their conferences, ſo early as the year 1710, was to this effect, That the kingdom was as certainly ruined as a bankrupt merchant; that a peace, whether bad or good, was abſolutely neceſſary; that the confederacy muſt ſoon break, and factions increaſe; and that the miniſtry was upon too narrow a bottom, and ſtood like an iſthmus, between the Whigs on one ſide, and the violent Tories on the other; a ſituation in which they could not ſubſiſt. Theſe violent Tories were formed into a ſociety called The October Club, of whom Swift ſays, "They are "about an hundred Parliament-men of the country, "who drink October beer at home, and meet every "evening at a tavern near the Parliament-houſe, to "drive things on to extremes againſt the Whigs, to "call the old miniſtry to account, and get off five or "ſix heads."

But if Swift thought this party too precipitant, it is certain he thought Lord Oxford too ſlow; and he once told him ſo in a manner that ſhews both his integrity and the freedom of his converſation with thoſe who have a preſcriptive right to ſervility and adulation. He had received (from Col. Hill, a gentleman of worth, who had commanded with great bravery in the battle of Almanza, ſoon after his promotion to

a regiment) a present of a fine tortoise-shell snuff-box, richly lined with gold, with the prospect of the Rialto of Venice, several gondalos plying on the canals, and other figures to the number of one hundred and fifty, representing the pleasures of a carnival, painted on the inside of the lid. This present he shewed one day to Harley, who, having admired the painting and the workmanship, at last spied a figure studded on the outside of the bottom, which he thought resembled a goose; upon which, turning to the Doctor, "Jonathan," says he, "I think the Colonel has made a goose of you." "Yes, my Lord," says the Doctor; "but if your Lordship will look a little farther, you will see that I am driving a snail before me;" which indeed happened to be the device. To this the Earl coolly replied, "That is severe enough, Jonathan; but I deserve it."

It is equally true, and equally evident, that Swift had no expectations of advantage from his connexion with these persons; that he knew they could not long preserve their power; that he did not honour it while it lasted; and that he disdained pecuniary obligations.

"The ministry," saith he, "are good honest hearty "fellows: I use them like dogs, because I expect they "will use me so. They call me nothing but Jona-"than, and I said I believed they would leave me Jo-"nathan, as they found me; and that I never knew

"a miniſtry do any thing for thoſe whom they make "companions of their pleaſures: but I care not."

In the ſummer of 1711 he foreſaw the ruin of the miniſtry by thoſe miſunderſtandings among themſelves which at laſt effected it; and it was not only his opinion but their own, that if they could not carry a peace they would not be able to keep themſelves out of the Tower, even tho' they ſhould agree. In order, therefore, to facilitate this great event, Swift wrote The Conduct of the Allies, a piece which he confeſſes coſt him much pains, and which ſucceeded even beyond his expectation. It was publiſhed Nov. 27. 1711, juſt ten days before the Parliament met; and before the 28th of January above eleven thouſand were ſold, ſeven editions having been printed in England, and three in Ireland. The Tory members in both Houſes who ſpoke drew all their arguments from it; and the reſolutions which were printed in the Votes, and which would never have paſſed but for The Conduct of the Allies, were little more than quotations from it.

From this time till the 1713 he continued to exert himſelf, with unwearied diligence, in the ſervice of the miniſtry; and while he was at Windſor, juſt at the concluſion of the Peace of Utrecht, he drew the firſt ſketch of An Hiſtory of the four laſt Years of Q. Anne. The work would have been publiſhed ſoon after, if his friends in the miniſtry had not diſagreed about it;

and after the Queen's death he ſpent much time in improving and correcting it; but it has not yet appeared *.

During all this time he received no gratuity or reward till the year 1713; and then he accepted the Deanery of St. Patrick's, Dublin.

It may perhaps be thought ſtrange that his friends did not rather procure him a biſhopric in England, and place him in the Houſe of Lords, where his political eloquence might have been employed with great advantage: but this was not in their power; and they might be willing to ſecure to him ſuch advantage as they could, knowing their own inſtability, and foreſeeing their fall.

But with whatever view, or from whatever cauſe, the Deanery of St. Patrick's was given him, he received it with leſs pleaſure than he would have done a ſettlement with much leſs power and profit in England.

He immediately croſſed the Channel to take poſſeſſion of his new dignity, but did not ſtay in Ireland more than a fortnight, being urged by an hundred letters to haſten back and reconcile Lord Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke, the conſequences of whoſe miſunderſtanding were juſtly dreaded by their friends. When he returned he found their quarrels and coldneſs increaſed; and having predicted their ruin from

* This work has been ſince publiſhed.

this very cause, he laboured to bring about a reconciliation, as that upon which the whole interest of their party depended.

With this view he contrived to bring them to Lord Masham's at St. James's, and Lord and Lady Masham, being acquainted with his purpose, left him alone with them. He then expostulated with them both, but to little effect; being able only to engage them to go to Windsor the next day, still hoping that if he could keep them together they would come to some agreement; well knowing that in absence the mind perpetually revolves the recent offences of a friend, and heightens them by every possible aggravation; but that when the offended and offender meet, the dying sparks of esteem or kindness often brighten into a flame, the remembrance of past pleasure and confidence returns, and mutually inclines them to secure, by an accommodation, that which they feel they cannot lose without regret.

Swift soon after followed them, but was told by Lord Bolingbroke that his scheme had come to nothing; and he had the mortification to observe that they grew more cold to each other every day. In the mean time Lord Oxford's credit grew less and less, and the Queen's health visibly declined.

Swift, however, contrived yet once more to meet them at Lord Masham's, and was again left alone with them. This was the last time they ever met,

and he ſpoke to them both with great freedom; but at length, deſparing of his purpoſe, he told them he would retire, for that all was gone. Bolingbroke whiſpered him that he was right, but Oxford ſaid all would do well.

Swift ſtill adhered to his opinion; and therefore went in a day or two to Oxford by the coach, and thence to the houſe of a friend in Berkſhire, where he continued till the Queen's death, which happened in about ten weeks.

While he was at this place his mind was ſtill buſy for his friends, and he wrote a diſcourſe called Free Thoughts on the Preſent State of Affairs, which he thought might be uſeful at that juncture, and ſent it up to London; but ſome difference of opinion happening between him and Lord Bolingbroke concerning it, the publication was delayed till the Queen's death; and then he recalled his copy, which was afterwards depoſited with the late Alderman Barber, and has been ſince publiſhed.

A few weeks after the death of the Queen he went back to his ſtation in Ireland, all his connexions with the court being broken, and all his expectations diſappointed.

But it would be an injury to Swift not to ſtop a moment here, and, before we deſcend with him into the vale of private life, look back, as from an eminence, upon the country we have paſſed.

Few of thoſe who have been permitted to aſſociate with perſons greatly ſuperior in rank and fortune, who have climbed in the retinue of Power, and been diſtinguiſhed by reflected greatneſs, have been able to ſuſtain the native dignity of their own character without ſtooping as they aſcended the hill, or being blinded by the light that made them conſpicuous to others.

Let it therefore be recorded to the honour of Dr. Swift, and to animate others by his example, and reward, that, during his connexion with thoſe who were in the higheſt rank, and who in every rank would have been great, he would never ſuffer himſelf to be treated but as an equal, and repluſed every attempt to hold him in dependence, or keep him at diſtance, with the utmoſt reſentment and indignation.

It happened upon ſome occaſion that Harley ſent him a bank-bill of 50 *l.* by his private ſecretary Mr. Lewis, which Swift inſtantly returned with a letter of expoſtulation and complaint. Harley invited him to dine, but he refuſed. He wrote to Mr. Lewis to mediate between them, deſiring to be reconciled; but Swift ſent word that he expected farther ſatisfaction. Harley replied, if he would come and ſee him he would make him eaſy; but Swift inſiſted that he ſhould apologize by meſſage; and declared that otherwiſe he would caſt him off.

It is poſſible that this favour might have been re-

jected, as not worth his acceptance; but it is certain that; if it had been of greater value it would not have atoned for any indecorum in the offer, or have induced Swift to suffer an obligation from those whom he did not esteem; for he refused the place of Historiographer with disdain, because it was in the disposal of a person whom he regarded with disgust and contempt.

He would not suffer even negative incivilities from those who, if by their station they had not been his superiors, would have been his equals by learning and parts. It happened, that having on a Sunday dined with Mr. St. John, who was then Secretary of State, and remarked that he appeared to be much out of temper, he took the first opportunity to see him alone, asked him what the d— ailed him on Sunday? told him he observed he was much out of temper; that he did not expect he would tell him the cause, but would be glad to see he was in better; and warned him never to behave to him with silent reserve, for that he would not be treated like a schoolboy; and that he had felt too much of that in his life already. "I told him," says he, "that I expected "that every great minister who honoured me with "his acquaintance, if he heard or saw any thing to "my disadvantage, would let me know it in plain "words, and not put me in pain to guess by the "change or coldness of his countenance or behaviour,

"for it was what I would hardly bear from a crown-
"ed head, and I thought no ſubject's favour was
"worth it. I told him that I deſigned to let my
"Lord Keeper and Mr. Harley know the ſame thing,
"that they may uſe me accordingly."

The Secretary received the reproof like a friend, as it was given, and apologized for his behaviour, by ſaying that buſineſs had kept him up ſeveral whole nights, and drinking one more; and, to make up matters, he preſſed the Doctor to ſtay to dinner; which, however, he declined, as well becauſe he would not encourage a ſecond offence by too eaſily paſſing over the firſt, as becauſe he was engaged with another friend

If in this repreſentation of his behaviour, as it is in many particulars taken from his letters to Stella, he ſhould be ſuſpected of having ſomewhat exaggerated to gratify his vanity, he may be abundantly juſtified by a letter ſtill extant, which he wrote to Lord Oxford after the connexion between them was broken. "When I was with you," ſays he, "I have
"ſaid more than once that I would never allow qua-
"lity or ſtation made any difference between men.
"—I loved you juſt ſo much the worſe for your ſta-
"tion.—In your public capacity you have often an-
"gered me to the heart, but as a private man never
"once.—I was too proud to be vain of the honour
"you did me.—I was never afraid of offending you,

"nor am now in any pain for the manner I write to "you in."

Neither was this conduct the effect of pride and ſelf-ſufficiency, but of true dignity of mind; for he exacted nothing which, in his turn, he did not pay, nor aſked more for himſelf than for others whoſe pretenſions or circumſtances were the ſame.

When he was deſired by Lord Oxford to introduce Dr. Parnell to his acquaintance, he refuſed, upon this principle, that a man of genius was a character ſuperior to that of a lord in a high ſtation. He therefore obliged his Lordſhip to walk with his treaſurer's ſtaff from room to room through his own levee, inquiring which was Dr. Parnell, in order to introduce himſelf, and beg the honour of his acquaintance.

It was known by an accident, after his memory failed, that he allowed an annuity of fifty guineas to Mrs. Dingley; but inſtead of doing this with the parade of a benefactor, or gratifying his pride by making her feel her dependence, he always pretended that he acted only as her agent, and that the money he paid her was the produce of a certain ſum which ſhe had in the funds; and, the better to ſave appearances, he always took her receipt; and ſometimes would pretend, with great ſeeming vexation, that ſhe drew upon him before he had received her money from London.

As to his political principles, if his own account of

them is to be believed, he abhorred Whiggiſm only in thoſe who made it conſiſt in damning the church, reviling the clergy, abetting the Diſſenters, and ſpeaking contemptibly of revealed religion. He always declared himſelf againſt a Popiſh ſucceſſor to the crown, whatever title he might have by proximity of blood; nor did he regard the right line upon any other account than as it was eſtabliſhed by law, and had much weight in the opinions of the people. He was of opinion that when the grievances ſuffered under a preſent government became greater than thoſe which might probably be expected from changing it by violence, a revolution was juſtifiable; and this he believed to have been the caſe in that which was brought about by the Prince of Orange. He had a mortal antipathy againſt ſtanding armies in times of peace, and was of opinion that our liberty could never be placed upon a firm foundation till the ancient law ſhould be revived by which our Parliaments were made annual. He abominated the political ſcheme of ſetting up a monied intereſt in oppoſition to the landed, and was an enemy to temporary ſuſpenſions of the *Habeas Corpus* act. If ſome aſperities that cannot be juſtified have eſcaped his pen, in papers which were haſtily written in the firſt ardour of his zeal, and often after great provocation from thoſe who wrote againſt him, ſurely they may, without the exertion of angelic benevolence, be forgiven.

That he was not at any time a bigot to party, and that he did not indiſcriminately transfer his reſentments from principles to perſons, was ſo evident by his conduct, that it was a uſual ſubject of raillery towards him among the miniſters that he never came to them without a Whig in his ſleeve: and though he does not appear to have aſked any thing for himſelf, yet he often preſſed Lord Oxford in favour of Mr. Addiſon, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Rowe, and Mr. Steele; with whom, except Mr. Steele, he frequently converſed during all Lord Oxford's miniſtry, chuſing his friends by their perſonal merit, without examining how far their notions agreed with the politics then in vogue; and, in particular, his friendſhip with Mr. Addiſon continued inviolable, and with as much kindneſs as when they uſed to meet at Lord Halifax's or Lord Sommers's, who were leaders of the oppoſite party.

Among other perſons with whom he was intimately acquainted during this gay part of his life was Mrs. Vanhomrigh. She was a lady of good family, the daughter of Mr. Stone the Commiſſioner, and niece to the Accomptant-general of Ireland. She was alſo a lady of politeneſs and good breeding.

She was the widow of Mr. Bartholomew Vanhomrigh, firſt a merchant of Amſterdam, and afterwards of Dublin, who was appointed Commiſſary of the Stores by King William, upon his expedition into

Ireland, a place which, during the war, was computed to be worth 6000 *l. per annum.* After the affairs of Ireland were ſettled, he was appointed Muſtermaſter-general, and a Commiſſioner of the Revenue, and laid out about 12,000 *l.* in the purchaſe of forfeited eſtates; but though he received the produce of this eſtate, and enjoyed his appointments thirteen years, yet when he died in 1703, his expenſes had been ſo nearly equal to his revenue, that his whole fortune, the value of his eſtate included, amounted only to 16,000 *l.* This ſum he directed, by his will, to be divided equally between his wife and four children, of which two were ſons, and two were daughters. The ſons died ſoon after their father, and their ſhare of his fortune fell to the daughters.

In 1709 the widow and the two young ladies came to England, where they were viſited by perſons of the firſt quality; and Swift, lodging within a few doors of their houſe in Bury-ſtreet, St. James's, uſed to be much there, coming and going without ceremony, as if he had been one of the family. During this familiarity he became inſenſibly a kind of preceptor to the young ladies, particularly the eldeſt, who was then about twenty years old, was much addicted to reading, and a great admirer of poetry. In a perſon of this diſpoſition it was natural for ſuch a character as that of Swift to excite admiration, a paſſion which, by frequent converſe, was ſoftened into

complacency, and complacency was at length improved into love. Love itſelf, perhaps, was in this caſe complicated with vanity, which would have been highly gratified by an alliance with the firſt wit of the age; and thus what neither could have effected alone, was done by the joint effort of both, and ſhe ventured to make the Doctor a propoſal of marriage. It is probable that his connexions with Mrs Johnſon, at this time, were ſuch, that he could not with honour accept this propoſal, whatever pleaſure or advantage it might promiſe: however, it is certain he declined, though without aſſigning any other engagement as the reaſon.

He appears firſt to have affected to believe her in jeſt, then to have rallied her on ſo whimſical a choice, and at laſt to have put her off without an abſolute refuſal; perhaps, partly, becauſe he was unwilling to give her pain, and partly, becauſe he could not refuſe her with a good grace, otherwiſe than by diſcovering ſome particulars which he was willing to conceal. While he was in this ſituation he wrote the poem called Cadenus and Vaneſſa, the principal view of which ſeems to have been at once to compliment and to rally her; to apologize for his conduct, and ſoften a tacit denial, by leaving the event undetermined.

This poem appears to have been written about the year 1713, a ſhort time before he left Vaneſſa and

the reſt of his friends in England, and returned to the place of his exile, which he always mentioned with regret.

In the year 1714 Mrs. Vanhomrigh died, and having lived at an expenſe much greater than her fortune would bear, ſhe left ſome debts unpaid.

Her two daughters, whoſe fortunes ſhe had alſo leſſened, ſhe appointed joint executrixes of her will; an office which, however troubleſome, the ſituation of their affairs obliged them to accept. It appears, too, that they had contracted ſome debts in their own right, which it was not in their power immediately to pay, and therefore to avoid an arreſt they followed the Dean into Ireland.

Upon his arrival to take poſſeſſion of his Deanery, and at his return after the Queen's death, he was received, according to the account of Lord Orrery and Mr. Deane Swift, with every poſſible mark of contempt and indignation, eſpecially by the populace, who not only reviled and curſed him, but pelted him with ſtones and dirt as he paſſed along the ſtreets. The author of the Obſervations, on the contrary, affirms that he was received by all ranks of men not only with kindneſs, but honour, the Tories being then in full power as well in Ireland as in England, and Swift's ſervice to the church, and credit at court, being well known. This indeed was true when he went to take poſſeſſion; but when he returned to his Deanery,

the power of the Tories and the Dean's credit at court were at an end: circumſtances which might well cauſe the rabble at leaſt to forget his ſervices to the church. It is certain that great clamour was then raiſed by the new men againſt the late miniſtry, with whom Swift had been cloſely connected: they were charged with a deſign to bring in the Pretender, and the ſame deſign was, conſequently, imputed to Swift, whom it was therefore conſidered by ſome as a qualification for preferment to revile and oppoſe: which party the mob took (whoſe fault it has never been to coincide implicitly with a court) poſterity muſt judge for themſelves: but it ſeems probable that theſe accounts, however contradictory, may both be true, and that Swift at this time might be the Sacheverel of Ireland, followed by the mob of one faction with execrations, and by the other with ſhouts of applauſe.

It is, however, agreed that the Archbiſhop of Dublin, and ſome of his old friends in the Chapter, ſet themſelves againſt his meaſures with all their force, and laboured to diſappoint him in the exerciſe of his power by every art of oppoſition and delay. But whatever prejudice they had conceived againſt him was ſoon removed by the diſintereſted integrity of his conduct, which was ſo apparent and ſtriking, that they ſoon regarded him with reſpect and veneration, and almoſt implicitly acquieſced in whatever he propoſed.

This removal from England to Ireland was the great event which determined the colour of his life, bounded his views, and ſhewed him at once what he might poſſeſs, and for what he might hope.

There is a time when every man is ſtruck with a ſenſe of his mortality, and feels the force of a truth to which he has conſented merely from cuſtom, without conſidering its certainty or importance. This time ſeldom happens in the cheerful ſimplicity of infancy, or in the firſt impatience of youth, when "the "world is all before us;" when every object has the force of novelty, and every deſire of pleaſure receives auxiliar ſtrength from curioſity; but after the firſt heat of the race, when we ſtop to recover from our fatigue, we naturally conſider the ground before us, and then perceive that at the end of the courſe are clouds and darkneſs; that the grave will ſoon intercept our purſuit of temporal felicity; and that, if we cannot ſtretch to the goal that is beyond it, we run in vain, and ſpend our ſtrength for nought. Great diſappointments, which change our general plan, and make it neceſſary to enter the world as it were a ſecond time, ſeldom fail to alarm us with the brevity of life, and repreſs our alacrity, by precluding our hopes.

The Dean, whether by the vigour and activity of his imagination, the multitude of his ideas, or the ardour of his purſuits, eſcaped the force of this thought

till his retreat to Ireland on the death of the Queen; and then indeed it came upon him with ſuch influence that, after fifteen years, it conſtantly recurred when he firſt awaked in the morning, and was not diſmiſſed till he again began to ſleep.

As ſoon as he was ſettled at Dublin Mrs. Johnſon removed from the country to be near him, but they ſtill lived in ſeparate houſes: his reſidence was at the Deanery, and her's in lodgings on the other ſide of the river Liffey.

The Dean kept two public days every week, and though the circle of his viſitors is ſaid at firſt to have been ſmall, yet it ſoon increaſed, and always conſiſted of the beſt company. Thoſe who were more particularly the companions of his choice were ſuch as would have done honour to any character: they were the Grattons, ſeven brothers, the ſons of Dr. Gratton, a venerable and hoſpitable clergyman, who gave them all a liberal education. The eldeſt was a juſtice of peace, and lived reputably on his patrimony in the country; another was a phyſician, and another a merchant, both eminent in their profeſſions: three others were clergymen, who had a competent proviſion in the church; and the youngeſt was Fellow of Dublin College, and maſter of the great free-ſchool at Enniſkilling. They were all perſons of great merit, as generally acquainted, and as much beloved, as any in the kingdom. The Jackſons, a family of which

both men and women were genteel, agreeable, and well-bred, ſuch companions as no wiſe man ever wanted, if they could be had; George Rochford, and Peter Ludlow, men of fortune, learning, wit, humour, and virtue; and Mr. Matthew Lord, deemed the beſt lay ſcholar of his time. Theſe, with the Fellows of the College, Dr. Walmeſley, Dr. Helſham, Dr. Delany, Dr. Stopford, (now Biſhop of Cloyne) and Dr. Sheridan; Lady Euſtace, Mrs. Moore, Lady Betty Rochford, and Mrs. Ludlow, with Mrs. Johnſon and her friends, were the perſons with whom Swift ſpent his leiſure hours from the year 1714 to the year 1720, a period in which it has been injuriouſly ſaid that his choice of companions ſhewed him of a depraved taſte. There was indeed among his companions one perſon who could derive no honour from his lineage, a foundling, whom Swift therefore uſed to call Melchiſedek, because Melchiſedek is ſaid to have neither father nor mother. This gentleman's name was Worral; he was a clergyman, a maſter of arts, a reader, and a vicar of his cathedral, and maſter of the ſong. He was nearly of the Dean's own ſtanding in the College, had good ſenſe, and much humour. He was married to a woman of great ſprightlineſs, good-nature, and generoſity, remarkably cleanly and elegant in her perſon, in her houſe, and at her table. But there is another particular in Mr. Worral's character which generally contributed to his intimacy with the

Dean; he was a good walker. The Dean ufed this exercife in an immoderate degree, under the notion of its being abfolutely neceffary not to health only, but to cleanlinefs, by keeping the pores of the fkin clear, and throwing off impurities by perfpiration. Mr. Worral's fituation in the church naturally engaged his frequent attendance upon the Dean; this attendance commonly ended in a walk, and the walk in their dinning together either at Mr. Worral's or at the Deanery. The Dean, being a fingle man, was oftener a gueft to Mr. Worral than Mr. Worral was a gueft to him; and this brought on an agreement, that the Dean fhould dine with him whenever he would at a certain rate, and invite as many friends as he pleafed upon the fame terms. This gentleman is lately dead, and left a large fum of money to be difpofed of to public charities, at the difcretion of his executors, 500 *l.* of which was appropriated to the Dean's Hofpital.

The Dean, when he firft fettled at Dublin, was in debt, a fituation which ill fuited his fpirit, and determined him to a fevere economy, with which this agreement with Worral well fuited. On his public days, however, the dignity of his ftation was fuftained with the utmoft elegance and decorum, under the direction of Mrs. Johnfon, who yet appeared in the circle without any character diftinct from the reft of the company. She was, however, frequently invited

with the Dean, whether to entertainments or parties of pleaſures, though not ſo generally as if ſhe had been his wife. She viſited and received viſits, as far as the practice is a mere ritual of good breeding. Her friendſhips ſeem to have been ſtill among the men, but ſhe was treated with great politeneſs by the ladies.

The Dean's mind had been now ſo filled with politics, that he found it impracticable to excel as a preacher, his firſt and moſt laudable ambition, and frequently declared, that though he ſometimes attempted to exert himſelf in the pulpit, yet he could never riſe higher than preaching pamphlets.—He was, however, ſtill a good Dean and a good Prieſt: he applied himſelf to the care of his Deanery, his cathedral, its regulations, its income and economy, with great diligence. He renewed the primitive practice of celebrating the holy communion every Sunday, and at this ſacrament he was not only conſtantly preſent, but he conſecrated and adminiſtered it with his own hands, in a manner equally graceful and devout. He attended at church every morning, and generally preached in his turn: he alſo conſtantly attended the performance of the anthem on a Sunday night, though he did not underſtand muſic, to ſee that the choir did not neglect their duty.

As to his employment at home, he ſeems to have had no heart to apply himſelf to ſtudy of any kind, but to have reſigned himſelf wholly to ſuch amuſe-

ments as offered, that he might not think of his ſituation, the misfortune of his friends, and the diſappointment of his hope. Such, at leaſt, is the account that he gives to Mr. Gay, in his letter dated Jan. 8. 1722-3. "I was three years," ſays he, "reconciling "myſelf to the ſcene and buſineſs to which Fortune "hath condemned me, and ſtupidity was what I had "recourſe to."

It has been ſuggeſted that the acquaintance he fell into with men of learning made it neceſſary for him, about this time, to review his Greek and Latin, and obtain ſome acquaintance with church-hiſtory: but ſurely he who had ſtudied eight hours a-day for ſeven years, or, according to Mr. Deane Swift, ten hours a-day for nine years; he who had read and extracted the Fathers more than ſixteen years before, had little occaſion to review his Latin and Greek, or acquaint himſelf with church-hiſtory, leſt he ſhould not ſuſtain his character among learned men: for except it be pretended that others were able to acquire more knowledge in leſs time, and with leſs labour, it muſt be allowed that Swift was likely to be always the moſt knowing of his company. Lord Orrery ſays, that he was little acquainted with the mathematics, and never conſidered the ſcience except as an object of ridicule: but the author of the Obſervations affirms, on the contrary, that he had acquired conſiderable mathematical knowledge; and that he had ſeen

him more than once undertake to ſolve an algebraic problem by arithmetic.

The firſt remarkable event of his life that occurred after his ſettlement at the Deanery was his marriage to Mrs. Johnſon, after a moſt intimate friendſhip of more than ſixteen years. This was in the year 1716, and the ceremony was performed by Dr. Aſhe, then Biſhop of Clogher, to whom the Dean had been a pupil in Trinity College, Dublin. But whatever were the motives of this marriage, the Dean and the lady continued to live afterwards juſt in the ſame manner as they had lived before. Mrs. Dingley was ſtill the inſeparable companion of Stella wherever ſhe went; and ſhe never reſided at the Deanery, except when the Dean was ſeized with violent fits of giddineſs, which ſometimes laſted near a month.

Till this time he had continued his viſits to Vaneſſa, who, though ſhe had ſuffered very great pecuniary loſſes, had yet preſerved her reputation and her friends; for ſhe was viſited by many perſons of rank, character, and fortune, of both ſexes; particularly Mrs. Conolly, a lady of very high reputation, Dr. Berkeley, the late moſt excellent Biſhop of Cloyne, the late Judge Lindſay, and the Lord Chief Juſtice Marley. The Dean appears ſtill to have preſerved the character of her preceptor, to have directed her progreſs in literature, and explained and illuſtrated the authors ſhe had read: but ſoon after his marriage he

visited her on another account; he went as an advocate for Mr. Dean Winter, whom he took with him, a gentleman who was a professed admirer of Vanessa, and had made her some overtures of marriage; but though he had an estate of near 800 *l.* a-year, besides 300 *l.* a-year preferment in the church, yet Vanessa rejected the proposal in such terms, as that it was never repeated. She was also addressed by Dr. Price, who was afterwards Archbishop of Cashel, but without success. From this time the Dean's visits were much less frequent. In the year 1717 her sister died, and the whole remains of the family fortune being then centred in Vanessa, she retired to Selbridge, a small house and estate about twelve miles distance from Dublin, which had been purchased by her father.

From this place she wrote frequently to the Dean, and he answered her letters. In these letters she still pressed him to marry her; and in his letters he still rallied, and still avoided a positive denial. At length, however, she insisted with great ardour, and great tenderness, upon his positive and immediate acceptance or refusal of her as a wife. The Dean wrote an answer, and delivered it with his own hand.

As this letter of Vanessa's, which was written in 1723, is a demonstration that she was then utterly ignorant of the Dean's marriage with Stella, and as she appears to have known it almost immediately afterwards, it is probable that the Dean's answer com-

municated the fatal ſecret, which at once precluded all her hopes, and accounted for his former conduct: it is probable, too, that the reſentment which he felt at having it thus extorted from him, was the cauſe of the manner in which he delivered the letter; for having thrown it down upon her table, he haſted back to his horſe, and returned immediately to Dublin.

This letter the unhappy lady did not ſurvive many weeks. However, ſhe was ſufficiently compoſed to cancel a will that ſhe had made in the Dean's favour, and to make another, in which ſhe left her fortune, which long retirement and frugality had in a great meaſure reſtored, to her two executors, Dr. Berkeley, the Biſhop of Cloyne, and Mr. Marſhall, one of the King's Serjeants at Law, gentlemen whoſe characters are excellent in the higheſt degree.

Such was the fate of Vaneſſa! and ſurely thoſe whom pity could not reſtrain from being diligent to load her memory with reproach, to conſtrue appearances in the worſt ſenſe, to aggravate folly into vice, and diſtreſs into infamy, have not much exalted their own character, or ſtrengthened their claim to the candour of others. If Vaneſſa, by her fondneſs for the gaieties of life, encouraged by the example, and perhaps influenced by the authority, of a mother, leſſened her fortune at an age when few have been diſcreet, it cannot be denied that ſhe retrieved it by prudence and economy at an age when many have continued

diſſolute, and was frugal after the habit of expenſe had made frugality difficult. If ſhe could not ſubdue a paſſion which has tyrannized over the ſtrongeſt and pureſt minds, ſhe does not appear to have known that it was criminal, or to have deſired that it might be unlawfully gratified. She preſſed a perſon whom ſhe believed ſingle to marry her; but it does not therefore follow that ſhe was his concubine, much leſs that ſhe deſired to be reputed ſo, and was then ſolicitous to incur the infamy which has been ſince thrown upon her. It cannot, ſurely, be believed that the ſhameleſs and reputed concubine even of Swift, would have been viſited by ladies of credit and faſhion, or ſolicited in marriage by two clergymen of eminence and fortune, to whom her ſtory and character muſt have been well known. Beſides, Dr. Berkeley, after having carefully peruſed all the letters that paſſed between them, which Vaneſſa directed to be publiſhed with the poem, found that they contained nothing that could bring the leaſt diſgrace upon the Dean. Her's, indeed, were full of paſſionate declarations of her love; his contained only compliments, excuſes, apologies, and thanks for trifling preſents. There was not in either the leaſt trace of a criminal commerce, which, if there had been any ſuch, it would, in ſo long an intercourſe, have been extremely difficult to avoid; and if ſhe deſired to be reputed his concubine, it cannot be ſuppoſed that ſhe concealed any

letter which would have proved that ſhe was ſo, eſpecially as it would have gratified her reſentment againſt him for refuſing to make her his wife.

If it appears, therefore, that there was no criminal commerce between them, and that ſhe did not deſire the world ſhould believe there had been any, it follows, from her directing the publication of the poem, of which perhaps ſhe poſſeſſed the only copy, that in her ſenſe of the verſes none of them implied a fact which would diſhonour her memory. And this appears alſo to have been the opinion of her executors, who, though they ſuppreſſed the letters, becauſe they contained nothing that could do her honour, yet publiſhed the poem; by which it muſt therefore be ſuppoſed they did not think ſhe would be diſgraced.

It has, indeed, been ſaid that Vaneſſa, from the time ſhe was deſerted, "devoted herſelf, like Ariadne, "to Bacchus;" and perhaps it is true that, in the anguiſh of diſappointed deſire, ſhe had recourſe to that dreadful opiate which never fails to complicate diſeaſe with trouble; to leave the ſufferer more wretched when its operation is at an end; to divide life into frenzy and deſpair, and at once to haſten the approach, and increaſe the terrors, of death. But it cannot be thought that when ſhe made her will ſhe was either intoxicated or delirious, becauſe the perfect

exercise of reason is essential to the validity of the act. No particular of her distress, therefore, can weaken the arguments drawn from the direction in her will to publish the poem and the letters, of which the gratification of her vanity was so evidently the motive, that it is difficult to conceive how it could be overlooked.

From 1716 to 1720 is a chasm in the Dean's life which it has been found difficult to fill up. That he had no need to repeat his college-exercises has been shewn already; and that, in this inverval, he went through a voluminous course of ecclesiastical history, seems farther improbable by a letter to Lord Bolingbroke, dated April 5. 1729, in which it appears that he was then reading Baronius, and Baronius was the only piece of church-history that was found in his library. Lord Orrery thinks, with great reason, that he employed this time upon Gulliver's Travels.

The author of the Observations, indeed, supposes the Dean's genius to be verging towards a decline in the year 1723, and that Gulliver's Travels were written after that time; but in both these suppositions he is probably mistaken, though in the former he seems to be favoured by a passage in a letter written by the Dean himself to Mr Pope, dated Sept. 20. 1723.

That his genius was not declining in 1723, appears by the Drapier's Letters, which were not written till 1724; and of these the Observator himself

ſays, "His genius never ſhone out in greater ſtrength "than on that and the ſubſequent occaſions;" a truth which is univerſally acknowledged. That Gulliver's Travels were written before that time is equally evident, for Swift went into the north of Ireland early in the ſpring of 1725, and in a letter to Dr. Sheridan, during his reſidence there, he puts him in mind of his deſcription of the Yahoos; ſo that Sheridan muſt have ſeen the Travels in manuſcript at leaſt in the year 1724. The Dean alſo, in a letter to Mr. Pope, dated Sept. 29. 1725, ſays, "Oh! if the world had "but a dozen of Arbuthnots in it, I would burn my "Travels." It may reaſonably be concluded, therefore, that his Travels were then all written, and that at this time he was reviewing and retouching them for the preſs, eſpecially as they were publiſhed in 1726; and as he was otherwiſe employed in 1724, they muſt have been written at leaſt before 1723.

Upon the whole, perhaps it is not an extravagant conjecture, that having, according to his own account, wholly neglected his ſtudies for the firſt three years of his reſidence at the Deanery, and indulged the reſentment which his diſappointments had produced, till it could be contained no longer, he conceived the firſt notion of expreſſing it in ſuch a manner as might correct the enormities which he expoſed, and with this view immediately began his Travels, of which the firſt copy was probably finiſhed before the year 1720.

About this time the Dean, who had already acquired the character of a humourist and a wit, was first regarded with general kindness as the patriot of Ireland. He wrote a proposal for the universal use of Irish manufactures; a tract which, as it was apparently calculated for the service of Ireland, and zealously condemned a sacrifice of interest to England, made him very popular. But this service would not perhaps have been so long and so zealously remembered, if a prosecution had not been commenced against the printer. As soon as this measure was taken, the importance of the work was estimated by the diligence of the government to suppress it, and the zeal and integrity of the writer were measured by the danger he had incurred. No public notice, however, was taken of the Dean on this occasion, and Waters the printer, after having been long harassed and imprisoned, at length obtained a *Noli Prosequi*.

The Dean did not again appear in his political character till the year 1724. A patent having been iniquitously obtained by one Wood to coin 180,000*l.* in copper for the use of Ireland, by which he would have acquired exorbitant gain, and proportionably impoverished the nation, the Dean, in the character of a Drapier, wrote a series of letters to the people, urging them not to receive this copper money. These letters united the whole nation in his praise, filled every street with his effigies, and every voice with ac-

clamations; and Wood, though he was long ſupported by thoſe who proſtituted the higheſt delegated authority to the vileſt purpoſes, was at length compelled to withdraw his patent, and his money was totally ſuppreſſed.

Upon the arrival of Lord Carteret, ſoon after the publication of the fourth letter, ſeveral paſſages were ſelected as ſufficient ground for a proſecution, and his Excellency and council publiſhed a proclamation, offering 300 *l.* reward for a diſcovery of the author. This proclamation gave the Dean a remarkable opportunity to illuſtrate his character. It happened that his butler, whom he had employed as his amanuenſis, and who alone was truſted with the ſecret, went out in the afternoon of the day of the proclamation without leave, and ſtaid abroad the whole night and part of the next day. There was great reaſon to ſuſpect that he had made an information, and, having received his reward, would never return. The man, however, came home in the evening! and the Dean was adviſed by his friends to take no notice of his fault, leſt he ſhould be provoked to a breach of truſt, from the dread of which his return had juſt delivered them. But the Dean rejected this counſel with the utmoſt diſdain, and commanding the man into his preſence, ordered him immediately to ſtrip off his livery, and leave the houſe. "You Villain," ſaid he, "I know I am in your power; and for that very rea-

"son I will the less bear with your insolence or ne-"glect. I suppose by this time you are rewarded, or "at least in a fair way of being rewarded, for your "treachery."

The man, in very submissive terms, confessed that he had been drinking all night, and entreated to be forgiven; but Swift was inexorable. He then begged that he might be confined in some part of the house so long as the proclamation could entitle him to any reward, lest, when he was driven from his service, and destitute of another, the temptation might be too strong for his virtue, and his distress might involve him in a crime which he most abhorred. Swift, however, was still inexorable, and the man was dismissed. During all the time of danger Swift obstinately refused to contribute one farthing towards his support, nor could he be persuaded to see his face; but when the time limited in the proclamation was expired he was permitted to return to his service. Soon afterwards he was called hastily up by the Dean, who, without any preface, again ordered him to strip off his livery, put on his own clothes, and then come to him again. The butler stared with surprise, wondering for what crime he had deserved to be turned out of his place. His master observing this, asked him if he had no clothes of his own to put on? He told him he had. "Then go your ways," said the Doctor, "and as soon as you have thrown off your livery, and

"dreſſed yourſelf, come back to me again." The poor fellow, though he was greatly aſtoniſhed at this proceeding, knew Swift too well to expoſtulate, and therefore, with whatever reluctance, did as he had been commanded. When he returned, the Dean ordered the other ſervants to be called up, who immediately attended, expecting that the butler was to be diſmiſſed *in terrorem*, and that they ſhould be warned, in very ſevere terms, of his offence. Swift, as ſoon as they had ranged themſelves before him, ordered them to take notice that Robert was no longer his ſervant; " he is now," ſaid the Dean, "Mr. Blakely, " the Verger of St. Patrick's Cathedral, a place which " I give him as a reward for his fidelity." The value of this place is between thirty and forty pounds a-year. However, Robert would not quit his maſter, but continued to be his butler ſome years afterwards. In this inſtance the Dean exerciſed his pride, his fortitude, and his equity, in a manner peculiar to himſelf; and though there are many who would equally have rewarded ſuch fidelity, there are few who would have ventured to wait the iſſue of ſo ſevere and dangerous a probation.

From this time the Dean's influence in Ireland was almoſt without bounds. He was conſulted in whatever related to domeſtic policy, and, in particular, to trade. The weavers always conſidered him as their patron and legiſlator, after his propoſal for the uſe of

Irish manufactures, and came frequently in a body to receive his advice in settling the rates of their stuffs, and the wages of their journeymen: and when elections were depending for the city of Dublin, many corporations refused to declare themselves till they knew his sentiments and inclinations. Over the populace he was the most absolute monarch that ever governed men; and he was regarded by persons of every rank with veneration and esteem.

It appears by many of his writings, that he lived in great friendship and familiarity with Lord Carteret during his Lieutenancy, notwithstanding his Lordship had signed the proclamation to discover him as the writer of the Drapier's Letters. Swift indeed remonstrated against this proceeding, and once asked his Lordship how he could concur in the prosecution of a poor honest fellow who had been guilty of no other crime than that of writing three or four letters for the instruction of his neighbours and the good of his country? to this question his Excellency elegantly replied, in the words of Virgil,

> --------Regni novitas me talia cogit
> Moliri---------

He was equally diligent to recommend his friends to Lord Carteret, as he had been to recommend them to Lord Oxford, and he did it with the same dignity and freedom. "Pray, my Lord," said he one day, "have you the honour to be acquainted with the

"Grattons?" My Lord anſwered he had not. "Why "then, pray, my Lord," ſaid Swift, "take care to "obtain it; it is of great conſequence: the Grattons, "my Lord, can raiſe ten thouſand men." He obtained a living for his friend Dr. Sheridan, and he recommended ſeveral others, of whom he knew nothing but that they were good men.

He uſed alſo to remonſtrate, with great freedom, againſt ſuch meaſures as he diſapproved; and Lord Carteret having gained the advantage of him in ſome diſpute concerning the diſtreſſes of Ireland, he cried out, in a violent paſſion, "What the vengeance brought "you among us! Get you gone, get you gone: pray "God Almighty ſend us our boobies back again." A reply which ſhewed at once the turn, the ſtrength, and the virtue, of his mind, as it was a fine compliment to the force of reaſon, by which he had been juſt foiled, and was expreſſed with all the vehemence of his temper, and all the peculiarity of his wit.

He was ſeveral times in England, on a viſit to Mr. Pope, after his ſettlement at the Deanery, particularly in the year 1726 and 1727.

There is a paſſage in one of his letters to Dr. Sheridan, during his viſit in 1726, by which it appears that he then had ſuch an offer of a ſettlement, in the midſt of his friends, within twelve miles of London, as, if he had been ten years younger, he would gladly have accepted: "but I am now," ſays he, "too old

" for new ſchemes, and eſpecially ſuch as would bridle " me in my freedoms and liberalities." He had alſo an invitation from Lord Bolingbroke to ſpend a winter with him at his houſe on the banks of the Loire in France, and this he would have accepted, but that he received an account from Ireland that Mrs. Johnſon was dangerouſly ill.

Mrs. Johnſon's conſtitution was tender and delicate; and, as the Dean himſelf ſays, ſhe had not the *ſtamina vitæ*. In the year 1724 ſhe began viſibly to decay, and in the year 1726 was thought to be dying. The Dean received the news with agonies not to be felt but by the tendereſt and moſt ardent friendſhip, nor conceived but by the moſt lively imagination, and immediately haſted back into Ireland.

It happened, however, that Mrs. Johnſon, contrary to the opinion of her phyſician, recovered a moderate ſhare of health, and the Dean, probably to complete ſome deſign which in his haſte he had left unfiniſhed, returned again to England in 1727.

From England he was once more about to ſet out for France, upon Lord Bolingbroke's invitation, when news arrived of the King's death.

He had attended the late Queen, while ſhe was princeſs, in his former excurſions to England; and he had ſeen her twice in one week by her Royal Highneſs's command in this. She had always treated the Dean with great civility, and the Dean had treated

her with his uſual and peculiar frankneſs. The third day after the news of the late King's death he attended at court, and kiſſed the King and the Queen's hand upon their acceſſion, and was blamed by his friends for deferring it ſo long.

What proſpect he had of a change in public affairs on this event, or of any advantage which ſuch a change might produce to himſelf or his friends, does not appear, but he was earneſtly entreated to delay his journey; and when he had again determined to ſet out, he was, upon ſome new incidents, again prevailed upon not to go, by the vehement perſuaſion of ſome perſons whom, he ſays, he could not diſobey. Many ſchemes were propoſed, in which he was eagerly ſolicited to engage; but he received them coldly; not, as it appears, becauſe he was determined no more to enter into public life, but becauſe the ſchemes themſelves were ſuch as he did not approve. However, in the ſame letter in which he ſays that if the King had lived ten days longer he ſhould not have dated it from London, but Paris, he ſays that his ſhare in the hurry of the time would not be long, and that he ſhould ſoon return.

He was ſoon after ſeized with one of his fits of giddineſs and deafneſs, a calamity which was greatly aggravated by the news that Mrs. Johnſon was again ſo ill, that the phyſicians deſpaired of her life. Upon this occaſion he relaſped into the agonies of mind

which he had felt the year before. He expected by the next post to hear that she was dead, and entreated that he might be told no particulars, but the event in general, for that his age, being then within three months of sixty, his weakness, and his friendship, would bear no more. As he despaired of seeing her alive, he determined not to return to Ireland so soon as he had intended, but to pass the winter either near Salisbury Plain, or in France. That he might not be interrupted by company, and condemned to the torment of suppressing his sorrow to preserve the rules of good breeding, he quitted the house of Mr. Pope at Twickenham, and retired to a village near London, with a female relation for his nurse. The next letter that he received he kept an hour in his pocket before he could sufficiently fortify himself against the shock which he expected when he should open it. However, as Stella's life ebbed by slow degrees, and sometimes seemed at a stand, if not to flow, his hope of a parting interview revived, and he set out for Ireland as soon as he was able to travel.

He found her alive; but, after having languished about two months longer, she expired on the 28th of January 1727-8, in the 44th year of her age, regretted by the Dean with such excess of affection and esteem as the keenest sensibility only could feel, and the most excellent character excite.

Beauty, which alone has been the object of univer-

ſal admiration and deſire, which alone has elevated the poſſeſſor from the loweſt to the higheſt ſtation, has given dominion to Folly, and armed Caprice with the power of life and death, was in Stella only the ornament of intellectual greatneſs; and wit, which has rendered Deformity lovely, and conferred honour upon Vice, was in her only the decoration of ſuch virtue as, without either wit or beauty, would have compelled affection, eſteem, and reverence.

Her ſtature was tall, her hair and eyes black, her complexion fair and delicate, her features regular, ſoft, and animated; her ſhape eaſy and elegant; and her manner feminine, polite, and graceful: there was a natural muſic in her voice, and a pleaſing complacency in her aſpect, when ſhe ſpoke.

As to her wit, it was confeſſed by all her acquaintance, and particularly by the Dean, that ſhe never failed to ſay the beſt thing that was ſaid whenever ſhe was in company, though her companions were uſually perſons of the beſt underſtanding in the kingdom.

But this dangerous power was under the direction of ſuch ſweetneſs of temper, ſuch general kindneſs, and reluctance to give pain, that ſhe never indulged it at the expenſe of another.

Neither was her wit merely of the colloquial kind: ſhe had great force of poetical fancy, could range her thoughts in a regular compoſition, and expreſs them in correct and harmonious verſe. Of her wit in con-

verſation ſome inſtances will be found under the name of *Bons mots;* and two ſpecimens of her poetry are to be found. Her virtue was founded upon humanity, and her religion upon reaſon. Her morals were uniform, but not rigid; and her devotion was habitual, but not oſtentatious.

Why the Dean did not ſooner marry this moſt excellent perſon; why he married her at all; why his marriage was ſo cautiouſly concealed; and why he was never known to meet her but in the preſence of a third perſon, are inquiries which no man can anſwer, or has attempted to anſwer, without abſurdity, and are therefore unprofitable objects of ſpeculation.*

* If any one ſhould aſk, Why this renunciation of marriage-rites? I ſhall anſwer that queſtion by aſking another, Why did not Swift marry this adorable creature in or about the year 1702? was he not exactly at that era thirty-five, juſt riſing into the meridian of his abilities, and Mrs. Johnſon nineteen, in the full ſplendour of the moſt attractive beauty, ſurrounded with every grace, and bleſſed with every virtue that could allure the affections and captivate the ſoul of the moſt ſtubborn philoſopher? And, without diſpute, if the meanneſs of her birth, like an evil genius, had not ſtood in the way to oppoſe her felicity, not all the Dr. Swifts upon earth could have reſiſted the force of her enchantments.—As the prime intention of Mrs. Johnſon's going over to Ireland was to captivate the affections of Dr. Swift, in all probability ſhe ſecretly hoped, from time to time, to complete her conqueſt. But finding, upon the Queen's demiſe, when all the Doctor's hopes to gratify his ambition were totally at an end, that although her Platonic lover had quitted the noiſe and tumult of a political world, and had retired, like a ſober, honeſt clergyman, within the precincts of his Deanery, he thought no more upon the ſubject of wedlock than he had done for the preceding fourteen years, her ſpirits might have become dejected, by her frequent revolving in her mind the oddneſs of her ſituation. If we ſuppoſe this to have been the caſe, it is not unreaſonable to imagine that Swift tho-

His peculiar connexion with Mrs. Johnſon does indeed appear to have been ſuſpected, if not known, by his particular acquaintance, one of whom had the courage indirectly to blame his conduct ſeveral times, by ſetting before him the example of a clergyman of diſtinguiſhed merit who married nearly in the ſame circumſtances, but inſtead of concealing his marriage, retired into thrifty lodgings till he had made a proviſion for his wife, and then returned to the world, and became eminent for his hoſpitality and charity.

The Dean, whether moved by theſe repreſentations, or whether by any other motive, did at length earneſtly deſire that ſhe might be publicly owned as his wife; but as her health was then declining, and his economy become more ſevere, ſhe ſaid it was *too late*, and inſiſted that they ſhould continue to live as they had lived before. To this the Dean, in his turn, conſented, and ſuffered her to diſpoſe entirely of her own fortune, by her own name, to a public charity when ſhe died.

It appears by ſeveral little incidents that Stella regretted and diſapproved the Dean's conduct, and that ſhe ſometimes reproached him with unkindneſs;

roughly and ſincerely her friend, and almoſt her lover, was unable to endure the leaſt abatement in her cheerfulneſs and vivacity; and therefore, to raiſe her ſpirits, and to ſecure the fame of her innocence from all poſſibility of reproach, reſolved to gratify her with the conſciouſneſs of being his legal wife. And this indeed, or ſomewhat very like it, how ſtrange ſoever and chimerical it may ſound in the ears of the world, was certainly the reaſon that he ever married her at all.

for to ſuch regret and reproach he certainly alludes in the following verſes on her birthday in 1726.

O then, whatever Heaven intends,
Take pity on your pitying friends!
Nor let your ills affect your mind,
To fancy they can be unkind.
Me, ſurely me, you ought to ſpare,
Who gladly would your ſuff'rings ſhare.

It ſeems indeed to be generally agreed that Stella was deſtroyed by the peculiarity of her circumſtances, and that the fabric, however weak by the delicacy of its compoſition, would not have fallen ſo ſoon if the foundation had not been injured by the ſlow minings of regret and vexation.

But it is alſo generally allowed that, in this inſtance, as in every other, the Dean's intention was upright, though his judgment might be erroneous; and whatever cenſure his behaviour to Stella may draw upon him, it muſt inſure him ſome praiſe, and ſecure him againſt ſome calumny: for it is a demonſtration that he was the abſolute maſter of thoſe paſſions by which the greateſt have been enſlaved, and the beſt ſometimes corrupted; and if he could abſtain from gratifying theſe paſſions with a lady whom he moſt admired, after the gratification was become lawful, he cannot, with any appearance of reaſon, be ſuppoſed to have indulged the ſame paſſion where there was leſs beauty to attract, and leſs affection to urge; where it would have been attended with guilt and infamy; where the motives were leſs, and the obſtacles more.

From the death of Stella his life became much more retired, and the austerity of his temper naturally increased. He could not join in the social cheerfulness of his public days, or bear such an intrusion upon his own melancholy as the cheerfulness of others. These entertainments, therefore, were discontinued, and he sometimes avoided the company of his most intimate friends. But when the lenient hand of Time had allayed the anguish of his mind, he seems to have regretted the effects of its first violence, and to wish for the return of those whom his impatience had banished. In the year 1732, he complains, in a letter to Mr. Gay, that he had a large house, and should hardly find one visitor if he was not able to hire them with a bottle of wine. "I generally," says he, "dine alone, and am thankful if a friend "will pass the evening with me." He complains also, about the same time, in a letter to Mr. Pope, that he was in danger of dying poor and *friendless*, even his female friends having forsaken him; which, as he says, was what vexed him most. These complaints were afterwards repeated in a strain of yet greater sensibility and self-pity. "All my friends," says he, "have forsaken me."

"Vertiginosus, inops, surdus, male gratus amicis."

Deaf, giddy, helpless, left alone,
To all my friends a burden grown.

Yet he confesses that, though he was less patient

in ſolitude, he was harder to be pleaſed with company; ſo that even now, perhaps, his behaviour did not much invite thoſe whom before it had driven away.

His complaint of being forſaken by his female friends ſhews, that at this time his houſe was not a conſtant ſeraglio of *very virtuous* women who attended him from morning till night, as my Lord Orrery has aſſerted; and it ſeems to imply, that the Obſervator is alſo miſtaken when he ſays, that females were rarely admitted into his houſe, and never came but upon very particular invitations. The abſence of perſons whom he kept at ſuch a diſtance, and ſo rarely admitted, could ſcarce be ſuppoſed to vex him moſt; nor is it eaſy to conceive in what ſenſe they could be ſaid to forſake him, who never came but upon particular invitation. However, as to the ſeraglio, the Obſervator affirms, in the moſt ſolemn manner, and from frequent intercourſe with the Dean, and long intimacy with his moſt intimate friends, that Lord Orrery was groſsly miſinformed, and that no ſuch ever ſubſiſted, Mrs. Whiteway, a near relation, who came to live with him ſome time after Stella's death, being the only female in his family except ſervants.

As he lived much in ſolitude, he frequently amuſed himſelf with writing, as appears by the dates of many of his pieces which are ſubſequent to this time:

and it is very remarkable that, although his mind was certainly greatly depreſſed, and his principal enjoyment at an end when Mrs. Johnſon died, yet there is an air of trifling and levity in ſome of the pieces which he wrote afterwards that is not to be found in any other; ſuch, in particular, are his Directions to Servants, and ſeveral of his letters to Dr. Sheridan.

As he was undoubtedly much more tenderly and ſtrictly connected with Stella than with any other woman, ſo his friendſhip ſeems to have been more intimate and unreſerved with Dr. Sheridan than with any other man; his letters to him are evidently the ſpontaneous effuſions of his heart, whether he was cheerful or ſad, and ſeem to imply a perfect acquaintance with every peculiarity of his circumſtances.

Dr. Sheridan was a clergyman of conſiderable parts and great learning: he had, in particular, an extenſive and critical knowledge of the language and hiſtory of the ancient Greeks and Romans, which he taught with great ſucceſs in a grammar-ſchool of which he was maſter; and it was remarked that his ſcholars brought to the univerſity not only much learning, but good morals. This gentleman was by nature ſuited to Swift as a companion in the higheſt degree: he had a vein of humour that was a conſtant occaſion of merriment; he had an abſence of mind which rendered him a perpetual object of raillery, and an indolent good nature which made him unapt to

take offence; he was always disposed to be cheerful, and therefore readily concurred in the entertainment of Swift's hours of pleasantry, and could, without much pain or displeasure, give way to his petulance or his coldness in his paroxisms of fretfulness and reserve: he also greatly contributed to Swift's amusement, by little sprightly pieces of the inferior kind of poetry, which he was always writing, and yet more to his employment, by hints and materials which he was every moment throwing out.

With this easy, negligent, contented creature, Swift passed much of his time, as well during Mrs. Johnson's life as afterwards: and though there is in general an air of superiority in his letters, and might be sometimes in his behaviour a want of that complacency which no familiarity should exclude, yet it appears that the Dean did not hold Sheridan cheap: Sheridan he loved for his own merit, and was content to have deserved his love by the interest of another. "Stella," says he, "loved you well, and a great "share of the little merit I have with you is owing "to her solicitations."

In the year 1733, when an attempt was made to repeal the Test-act in Ireland, the Dissenters often affected to call themselves Brother Protestants, and Fellow Christians, with the members of the established church. Upon this occasion the Dean wrote a short copy of verses, in which there is a passage that so

provoked one Bettesworth, a lawyer, and member of the Irish Parliament, that he swore, in the hearing of many persons, to revenge himself either by murdering or maiming the author; and for this purpose he engaged his footman, with two ruffians, to secure the Dean wherever he could be found. As soon as this oath and attempt of Bettesworth were known, thirty of the nobility and gentry of the Liberty of St. Patrick's waited upon the Dean in form, and presented a paper, subscribed with their names, in which they solemnly engaged, in behalf of themselves and the rest of the Liberty, to defend his person and fortune, as the friend and benefactor of his country.

Such was the reverence and affection with which Swift was treated in his old age, not by domestics or dependents, whom the hope of some future advantage might induce to dissemble, but by persons of rank and fortune, with whom he had no connexion but as a benefactor to the public, and who, as they had nothing future to hope, could be prompted only by gratitude for the past; such gratitude as was never yet excited but by characters very different from actual misanthropy or sordid selfishness.

When this paper was delivered Swift was in bed, giddy and deaf, having been some time before seized with one of his fits; but he dictated an answer, in which there is all the dignity of habitual pre-eminence, and all the resignation of humble piety. Tho'

he acknowledged the kindneſs of his friends, yet he declared his truſt to be in God. He bewailed his incapacity to receive and thank them, as in juſtice and gratitude he ought, and concluded with a ſhort but pathetic prayer for their temporal and eternal happineſs.

Theſe fits of giddineſs and deafneſs, which were the effects of his ſurfeit before he was twenty years old, became more frequent and more violent in proportion as he grew into years, and in 1736, while he was writing a ſatire on the Iriſh Parliament, which he called, The Legion Club, he was ſeized with one of theſe fits, the effect of which was ſo dreadful, that he left the poem unfiniſhed, and never afterwards attempted a compoſition, either in verſe or proſe, that required a courſe of thinking, or perhaps more than one ſitting to finiſh.

From this time his memory was perceived gradually to decline, and his paſſions to pervert his underſtanding; a calamity to which many particulars ſeem to have concurred.

His ſolitude, which has been already accounted for, prevented the diverſion of his mind by converſation from brooding over his diſappointments, and aggravating every injury that he had ſuffered, by all the circumſtances which ingenious reſentment, if it does not find, is apt to create. A reſolution which he had taken, and to which he obſtinately adhered, not to

wear ſpectacles, precluded the entertainment which he might otherwiſe have found in books; and his giddineſs, though it was a mere corporal diſorder, prevented the employment of his mind in compoſition. In this ſituation, his thoughts ſeem to have been confined to the contemplation of his own miſery, which he felt to be great, and which in this world he knew to be hopeleſs. The ſenſe of his preſent condition was neceſſarily complicated with regret of the paſt, and with reſentment both againſt thoſe by whom he had been baniſhed, and thoſe who had deſerted him in his exile. A fixed attention to one object, long continued, is known to deſtroy the balance of the mind; and it is not therefore ſtrange that Swift ſhould by degrees become the victim of outrageous madneſs.

That he was weary of life appears by many paſſages in his letters, and expreſſions to his friends *. In 1739, three years after his memory firſt declined, he had been ſtanding with a clergyman under a very large, heavy, pier glaſs, which, juſt as they moved to another part of the room, fell down, and broke to

* It was, for many years before the Doctor had loſt his memory, a common ſaying of his, at the time of his parting in the evening with an intimate friend that uſed to viſit him twice or thrice a-week, "Well; God bleſs you; "good night to you; but I hope I ſhall never ſee you again." In this manner he would frequently expreſs the deſire he had to get rid of the world, after a day ſpent in cheerfulneſs, without any provocation from anger, melancholy, or diſappointment.

pieces. The clergyman, ſtruck with a ſenſe of the danger from which they had eſcaped, turned,to Swift, and cried out, " What a mercy it is that we moved " the moment we did! for if we had not we ſhould " certainly have been killed." The Dean replied, that as to himſelf he was ſorry he had changed ground, and wiſhed the glaſs had fallen upon him.

Till about the time of this accident, though his memory was become very defective, and his paſſions more violent, yet his converſation was ſtill ſprightly and ſenſible, but mingled with more ſatire, and that ſatire was more bitter. He alſo continued to correſpond by letter with his friends in England, particularly Mr. Pope, with whom he had contracted an early friendſhip, which continued till his death. It has been ſaid, that towards the end of their lives it grew cold; but the Dean, in a letter to Lord Orrery, which he wrote a ſhort time before his incapacity, ſays, " When you ſee my dear friend Pope, tell him " I will anſwer his letter ſoon; I love him above all " the reſt of mankind." He has alſo called Mr. Pope his deareſt friend in his will; and Mr. Pope, in a letter which was written about the ſame time, makes this requeſt, " Aſſure him (the Dean) the world has " nothing in it I admire ſo much, nothing the loſs " of which I ſhould regret ſo much as his genius and " his virtues."

In the beginning of the year 1741 his underſtand-

ing was ſo much impaired, and his paſſions ſo much increaſed, that he was utterly incapable of converſation. Strangers were not permitted to approach him, and his friends found it neceſſary to have guardians appointed of his perſon and eſtate. Early in the year 1742 his reaſon was wholly ſubverted, and his rage became abſolute madneſs. The laſt perſon whom he knew was Mrs. Whiteway, and the ſight of her, when he knew her no more, threw him into fits of rage ſo violent and dreadful, that ſhe was forced to leave him; and the only act of kindneſs that remained in her power, was to call once or twice a-week at the Deanery, inquire after his health, and ſee that proper care was taken of him. Sometimes ſhe would ſteal a look at him when his back was towards her, but did not dare to venture into his ſight. He would neither eat nor drink while the ſervant who brought him his provifions ſtaid in the room: his meat, which was ſerved up ready cut, he would ſometimes ſuffer to ſtand an hour on the table before he would touch it, and at laſt he would eat it walking; for during this deplorable ſtate of his mind it was his conſtant cuſtom to walk ten hours a-day.

In October 1742, after this frenzy had continued ſeveral months, his left eye ſwelled to the ſize of an egg, and the lid appeared to be ſo much inflamed and diſcoloured, that the ſurgeon expected it to mortify: ſeveral large boils alſo broke out on his arms and his

body. The extreme pain of this tumour kept him waking near a month, and, during one week, it was with difficulty that five persons kept him, by mere force, from tearing out his own eyes.

It has been observed that corporal pain, whether by forcing the mind from that object which has engrossed it, or by whatever means, has restored lunatics to the use of reason; and this effect, in a great degree, it produced upon the Dean: for just before the tumour perfectly subsided, and the pain left him, he knew Mrs. Whiteway, took her by the hand, and spoke to her with his former kindness. That day, and the following, he knew his physician and surgeon, and all his family, and appeared to have so far recovered his understanding and temper, that the surgeon was not without hopes he might once more enjoy society, and be amused by the company of his old friends. This hope, however, was but of short duration; for a few days afterwards he sunk into a state of total insensibility, slept much, and could not, without great difficulty, be prevailed upon to walk cross the room. This was the effect of another bodily disease, his brain being loaded with water. Mr. Stevens, an ingenious clergyman of Dublin, pronounced this to be the case during his illness, and, upon opening his body, it appeared that he was not mistaken: but though he often entreated the Dean's friends and physicians that his head might be trepanned, and the

water diſcharged, no regard was paid to his opinion or his entreaty.

After the Dean had continued ſilent a whole year in this ſtate of helpleſs idiocy, his houſekeeper went into his room on the 30th of November, in the morning, and told him that it was his birthday, and that bonfires and illuminations were preparing to celebrate it as uſual. To this he immediately replied, "It is "all folly; they had better let it alone."

Some other inſtances of ſhort intervals of ſenſibility and reaſon, after his madneſs had ended in ſtupor, ſeem to prove that his diſorder, whatever it was, had not deſtroyed, but only ſuſpended, the powers of his mind.

He was ſometimes viſited by Mr. Deane Swift, a relation, and about Chriſtmas 1743 he ſeemed deſirous to ſpeak to him. Mr. Swift then told him he came to dine with him, and Mrs. Ridgeway, the houſekeeper, immediately ſaid, "Won't you give Mr. "Swift a glaſs of wine, Sir?" To this he made no anſwer, but ſhewed that he underſtood the queſtion, by ſhrugging up his ſhoulders, as he had been uſed to do when he had a mind a friend ſhould ſpend the evening with him, and which was as much as to ſay, "You will ruin me in wine." Soon after he again endeavoured, with a good deal of pain, to find words; but at laſt, after many efforts, not being able, he fetched a deep ſigh, and was afterwards ſilent. A few

months afterwards, upon his housekeeper's removing a knife as he was going to catch at it, he shrugged up his shoulders, and said, "I am what I am; I am "what I am;" and in about six minutes repeated the same words two or three times.

In the year 1744 he now and then called his servant by his name, and once attempting to speak to him, but not being able to express his meaning, he shewed signs of much uneasiness, and at last said, "I "am a fool." Once afterwards, as his servant was taking away his watch, he said, "Bring it here;" and when the same servant was breaking a large hard coal, he said, "That is a stone, you blockhead."

From this time he was perfectly silent till the latter-end of October 1745, and then died, without the least pang or convulsion, in the 78th year of his age.

By his will, which is dated in May 1740, just before he ceased to be a reasonable being, he left about 1200 *l.* in specific legacies, and the rest of his fortune, which amounted to about 11,000 *l.* to erect and endow an hospital for idiots and lunatics.

He was buried in the great aisle of St. Patrick's Cathedral, under a stone of black marble, inscribed with an epitaph in Latin written by himself.

From this Narrative of his life, and from his Works, the striking peculiarities of his character may easily be collected; but there are some incidents which relate to his conversation, and some which respect his

perſon and private economy, which ſhould by no means be omitted.

In company he neither wrapped himſelf up in his own importance, without deigning to communicate his knowledge or exert his wit, nor did he engroſs the converſation by perpetual and overbearing loquacity. His rule was, never to ſpeak more than a minute at a time, and then to wait at leaſt as long for others to take up the converſation, after which he had a right to ſpeak again. His colloquial ſtyle, like that of his writings, was clear, forcible, and conciſe. He greatly excelled in punning, a talent which, he ſaid, no man affected to deſpiſe but thoſe that were without it; and his converſation would have furniſhed a more excellent compendium of this ſpecies of wit than was ever yet compiled, or perhaps ever will. Some of theſe ſallies of his imagination are ſtill remembered, and among others the following, which may ſerve for examples.

He happened to be at the Caſtle, in the Lieutenancy of the Earl of Pembroke, when a learned phyſician was haranguing his Excellency upon the nature and qualities of bees, which he was perpetually calling a nation and commonwealth: "Yes, my "Lord," ſays Swift, "they are a nation, and of "great antiquity: you know, my Lord, Moſes takes "notice of them: he numbers the Hivites among the "nations which Joſhua was appointed to conquer."

He was another time in company with a lady, whoſe long train happened to ſweep down a fine fiddle and break it; upon which he immediately cried out,

Mantua vae miſerae nimium vicina Cremonae.

But his converſation abounded with turns of wit of a higher kind. Being one day at a ſheriff's feaſt, who, after ſeveral other toaſts had been drank, called out to him, "Mr. Dean, The trade of Ireland;" The Dean turned about, and immediately anſwered, "Sir, I drink no memories."

He greatly admired the talents of the late Duke of Wharton, and hearing him, one day, recount many of his frolics, "Ay, my Lord," ſaid he, "you have "had many frolics; but let me recommend one more "to you; take a frolic to be virtuous: I aſſure you "it will do you more honour than all the reſt."

The Dean alſo greatly excelled in telling a ſtory; and though, in the latter part of his life, he was very apt to tell his ſtories too often, yet his wit, as well as his virtue, was always ſuperior to the wretched expedients of thoſe deſpicable babblers who are perpetually attempting to put off double *entendre* and profaneneſs for humour and wit. His converſation was in the higheſt degree chaſte, and wholly free from the leaſt tincture of irreligion.

As he was zealous to preſerve all the delicacies of converſation, he was always beſt pleaſed when ſome

of the company were ladies: and in a letter to Lord Oxford, he ſays, "Since women have been left out "of all meetings, except parties at play, or where "worſe deſigns are carried on, our converſation has "very much degenerated." And in this inſtance his example is a reproof to thoſe pedants who ſuppoſe that women are never in their proper ſphere but in the dreſſing-room or the nurſery.

If the converſation turned upon ſerious ſubjects, he was neither petulant in the debate, nor negligent of the iſſue. He would liſten with great attention to the arguments of others, and whether he was or was not engaged as a diſputant himſelf, he would recapitulate what had been ſaid, ſtate the queſtion with great clearneſs and preciſion, point out the controverted particular, and appeal to the opinion either of ſome neutral perſon, or of the majority.

It is, however, true, that he kept his friends in ſome degree of awe; and yet he was more open to admonition than flattery, if it was offered without arrogance, and by perſons of whoſe ability and honeſty he had no doubt. In his poem of Baucis and Philemon, which does not conſiſt of quite two hundred verſes, Mr. Addiſon made him blot out fourſcore, add fourſcore, and alter fourſcore. It was cuſtomary with his friends to make him ſome little annual preſent on his birthday; ſomething, according to his own definition of a preſent, which was of no

great value, but which could not be bought; and Dr. Delany, ſoon after he was admitted to ſome degree of intimacy, ſent him, with ſuch a memorial of his eſteem, ſome verſes, in which he upbraids him, though with great delicacy, for miſapplying his talents, and admoniſhes him to turn the force of ridicule, of which he was ſo great a maſter, upon thoſe who had laboured to employ it againſt the ſacred doctrines of Chriſtianity. The Dean, as he had ſuffered Addiſon's correction with approbation, received this admonition with kindneſs: he ſighed, and ſaid, with great appearances of regret, that it was *too late;* and from that day took all occaſions to diſtinguiſh Delany by the name of Friend.

He had indeed no ſkill in muſic, and ſo was not able to entertain his company with a ſong, to which ſome men of great dignity and great parts have condeſcended; but his power of ridicule extended even to muſic, of which he gave an inſtance too ſingular to be forgotten.

Dr. Pratt, who was then Provoſt of Dublin College, had acquired much of the Italian taſte for muſic in his travels; and Tom Roſſengrave, a celebrated performer, being juſt returned from Italy, played a voluntary at St. Patrick's Cathedral, where Dr Pratt heard him, and Swift was alſo preſent. The Doctor happened to dine at the Deanery the ſame day, and was ſo extravagant in his encomiums on Roſſen-

grave's voluntary, that ſeveral of the company ſaid they wiſhed they had heard it. "Do you?" ſaid Swift; "then you ſhall hear it ſtill;" and immediately he ſung out ſo lively, and yet ſo ridiculous, an imitation of it, that all the company were kept in continual laughter till it was over, except one old gentleman, who ſat with great compoſure, and tho' he liſtened, yet ſhewed neither curioſity nor approbation. After the entertainment, he was aſked by ſome of the company how it happened that he had been no more affected by the muſic? to which he anſwered, with great gravity, That he had heard Mr. Roſſengrave himſelf play it before. Such was Swift as a companion: as a maſter he was not leſs remarkable or meritorious.

As he expected punctual, ready, and implicit obedience, he always tried his ſervants, when he hired them, by ſome teſt of their humility. Among other questions, he always aſked whether they underſtood cleaning ſhoes? "becauſe," ſaid he, "my kitchen-"wench has a ſcullion that does her drudgery, and "one part of the buſineſs of my groom and footman "is conſtantly to clean her ſhoes by turns." If they ſcrupled this the treaty was at an end; if not, he gave them a farther hearing.

His kitchen-wench, however, was his cook, a woman of a large ſize, robuſt conſtitution, and coarſe features, whoſe face was very much ſeamed with the ſmall-pox, and furrowed by age. This woman he always diſtinguiſhed by the name of Sweetheart.

It happened one day that Sweetheart greatly over-roasted the only joint he had for dinner; upon which he sent for her up, and with great coolness and gravity, "Sweetheart," says he, "take this down into "the kitchen and do it less." She replied, that was impossible. "Pray then," said he, "if you had "roasted it too little, could you have done it more?" "Yes," she said, "she could easily have done that." "Why then, Sweetheart," replied the Dean, "let "me advise you, if you must commit a fault, commit "a fault that can be mended."

To the rest of his servants, indeed, he appeared to be churlish and austere, but in reality was one of the best masters in the world. He allowed them board-wages at the highest rate then known; and if he employed them about any thing out of the ordinary course of their service, he always paid them to the full value of the work, as he would have paid another. With these emoluments, and the fragments from his table, he expected they should find themselves in victuals, and all other necessaries, except the liveries, which he gave them. If, in this situation, their expenses were greater than their income, it was judged a sufficient reason to discharge them; but, on the contrary, as soon as they had saved a full year's wages, he constantly paid them legal interest for it, and took great pleasure in seeing it accumulated to a sum which might settle them in some employment if he

ſhould die, or if they found it adviſable to quit his ſervice, which ſeldom happened: and he with whom his ſervants live long has indubitable witneſſes that he is a good maſter.

It is alſo certain that, notwithſtanding the apparent auſterity of his temper, he did not conſider his ſervants as *poor ſlaves*, to whoſe ſervice he had a right, in conſideration merely of his money, and owed them no reciprocal obligation.

He had a ſervant whom he uſed to call Saunders, that lived long with him, and at length fell ſick and died. In his ſickneſs, which laſted many months, Swift took care that all poſſible relief and aſſiſtance ſhould be afforded him; and when he died, he buried him in the ſouth aiſle of his cathedral, and erected a ſmall piece of ſtatuary to his memory, with this inſcription:

Here lieth the body of

ALEXANDER MAGEE,

SERVANT TO DOCTOR SWIFT,

Dean of St. Patrick's.

His grateful maſter cauſed this monument to be erected in memory of his diſcretion, fidelity, and diligence, in that humble ſtation.

Ob. Mar. 24. 1721, *ætat.* 29.

In the original copy, which the author of the Obſervations ſaw in the Dean's own hand, the expreſſion was ſtill ſtronger, and more to the Dean's honour, thus;

His grateful friend and maſter.

But a perſon of the Dean's acquaintance, who is much more diſtinguiſhed for vanity than wiſdom, prevailed upon him to leave out *friend*, even in oppoſition to his own well-known maxim, That a faithful ſervant ſhould always be conſidered not as a poor ſlave, but an humble friend. Of this perſon the name is not told; but to conceal it is rather injuſtice than mercy; for he ought, on this occaſion, to inherit a diſgrace at leaſt proportionate to the honour which he found means to withhold from Swift.

As a member of civil ſociety he was a zealous advocate for liberty, the detector of fraud, and the ſcourge of oppreſſion. In his private capacity he was not only charitable, but generous; and whatever miſanthropy may be found in his writings, there does not appear to have been any in his life.

His writings in defence of the poor infatuated people of Ireland are well known; and that he might not be wanting himſelf while he pleaded their cauſe with others, he conſtantly lent out a large ſum of money, in ſmall portions, to honeſt, diligent, and neceſſitous tradeſmen, who paid it with a ſmall gratui-

ty by way of intereſt to the perſon who kept the account of the diſburſements and weekly payments; for he received back theſe loans by a certain ſum out of the weekly profit of the borrower's trade, in ſuch proportions that the whole ſhould be repaid in a year.

Beſides this, he frequently gave away 5, and 10 *l.* when proper objects offered, without any parade. He was indeed diligent to relieve the poor, and at the ſame time to encourage induſtry, even in the loweſt ſtation, and uſed regularly to viſit a great number of poor, chiefly women, as well in the public ſtreets as in the by-alleys, and under the arches of Dublin. Some of theſe ſold plums, ſome hobnails, others tape, and others gingerbread; ſome knitted, ſome darned ſtockings, and others cobbled ſhoes: theſe women were moſt of them old, deformed, or crippled, and ſome were all three. He ſaluted them with great kindneſs, aſked how they throve, and what ſtock they had? If the ware of any of them was ſuch as he could poſſibly uſe, or pretend to uſe, he bought ſome, and paid for every halfpenny-worth ſixpence; if not, he always added ſomething to their ſtock, and ſtrictly charged them to be induſtrious and honeſt.

It muſt be confeſſed that theſe acts of bounty did not appear to be the effects of compaſſion; for of the ſoft ſympathy with diſtreſs that ſometimes ſparkles in the eye, and ſometimes glows upon the cheek, he ſhewed no ſign, and he may therefore be ſuppoſed to

have wanted it. However, it is certain that he was wholly free from ill-nature; for a man can have no complacence in that evil which he is continually busy to remove.

His bounty had not indeed the indiscriminating ardour of blind instinct, and if it had, it would not have been the instrument of equal happiness. To feed idleness is to propagate misery and discourage virtue; but to insure the reward of industry, is to bestow a benefit at once upon the individual and the public; it is to preserve from despair those who struggle with difficulty and disappointment; it is to supply food and rest to that labour which alone can make food tasteful and rest sweet, and to invigorate the community by the full use of those members which would otherwise become not only useless but hurtful; as a limb in which the vital fluid ceases to circulate will not only wither but corrupt. In this view, then, the bounty of Swift was, like every other Christian duty, a reasonable service: and that he felt no secret pleasure in the calamities of others may be fairly concluded not only from this general practice, but from many particular facts, in which he appears to have been watchful and zealous to alleviate distress by unsolicited and unexpected liberality.

It happened that a young gentleman of his choir, being abroad with his gun, suffered irreparable hurt by its going off accidentally. When the Dean heard

of it he expreſſed great concern; and having pauſed a little, "Well," ſaid he, "this will be a good time "at once to reward merit and alleviate diſtreſs; I "will make him a Vicar;" which he did accordingly the ſame hour.

There are ſome infirmities to which the mind as well as the body naturally becomes ſubject in the decline of life. The deſire of accumulating wealth almoſt always increaſes in proportion as it becomes more abſurd; and thoſe are moſt tenacious of money to whom money can be of leaſt uſe. It has been generally ſaid that this weakneſs is the effect of long acquaintance with mankind, who are found to deſerve leſs confidence and leſs kindneſs as they are more known. And indeed, though this opinion ſhould not haſtily be admitted, it muſt yet be confeſſed that the firſt article in which men leſſen their expenſes is, generally the money they have been uſed to give away, and that they gradually loſe the inclination to do good as they acquire the power. But Swift, if he was not exempt from the infirmity, was yet clear of the vice; if his economy degenerated into avarice, it muſt be confeſſed that his avarice did not contract his bounty; and he ſuffers no degradation in his moral character who, when the practice of any virtue is become more difficult, is yet able to exert it in the ſame degree.

Swift turned all the evil of exceſſive frugality upon

himſelf; it induced him to walk when he had been uſed to ride; and he would then ſay he had earned a ſhilling or eighteen pence, which he had a right to do what he pleaſed with, and which he conſtantly applied to his uſual charities, which by this expedient he could continue, and yet expend leſs upon the whole than before. But the diſtribution of this charity even was marked with the peculiarity of his character; for that he might proportion his bounty to the neceſſities and the merit of various objects, and yet give but one piece of money at a time, he conſtantly kept a pocket full of all ſorts of coin, from a ſilver three-pence to a crown piece.

But as his deſire of immediate gain was not gratified at the expenſe of the poor, to whoſe diſtreſs he was a witneſs, neither was it gratified at the expenſe of thoſe whom it was impoſſible he ſhould know, tho' he had many opportunities of doing it.

He once reſolved never to renew a certain leaſe belonging to the Deanery, without raiſing the rent 30*l.* a-year. The tenant had often ſolicited him, inſtead of raiſing the rent to take a larger fine; and this man, a very ſhort time before the Dean loſt his memory, urged him with a very large ſum, ſuppoſing, that as raiſing the rent could only enrich the Dean's ſucceſſor, and a large fine would come into his own coffer, he ſhould certainly ſucceed. The Dean, however, maintained his integrity, refuſed the offer with indignation, and fulfilled his purpoſe of raiſing the rent, though as

this time his memory was ſo bad, that the next day he did not remember what he had done, and his love of money ſo predominant over every thing but his virtue, that though he complained of being deſerted, yet he baniſhed his beſt friends, merely to ſave the expenſe of entertaining them, and would ſometimes refuſe them a ſingle bottle of wine.

As an eccleſiaſtic he was ſcrupulouſly exact in the exerciſe of his function, as well with regard to ſpiritual as temporal things. As to his cathedral, he expended more money to ſupport and adorn it than had been applied to the ſame uſe in any period ſince it was firſt built. He was extremely exact and conſcientious in promoting the members of his choir according to their merit, and never advanced any perſon to a vicarage who was not qualified in all reſpects, and in the higheſt degree, whatever their intereſt, or however recommended; and he once refuſed a vicarage to a perſon for whom the Lady Carteret was very importunate, though he declared to her Ladyſhip, that if it had been in his power to have made the gentleman a dean or a biſhop he would have obliged her willingly; becauſe, he ſaid, deaneries and biſhoprics were preferments in which merit had no concern, though the merit of a vicar would be brought to the teſt every day. Nor would he ſuffer one ſhilling of the cathedral-money to be alienated from its proper uſe, even for the purpoſe of charity. When any perſon ſo-

licited ſuch an alienation, he uſed to tell them that this money was appropriated; but, ſays he, as you declare the perſon to be relieved is an object of Chriſtian charity, I will give out of my private purſe any ſum proportioned to my revenue, if you will contribute a ſum in the ſame proportion to your's. My Deanery is worth ſeven hundred pounds, your income is two; if you will give two ſhillings I will give ſeven, or any larger ſum after the ſame rate.

As to the poor in the liberty of his own cathedral, they were better regulated than any other in the kingdom; they were all badged, and were never found begging out of their diſtrict: for theſe he built and furniſhed a little alms-houſe, being aſſiſted by ſome voluntary contributions, and preſerved among them uncommon cleanlineſs and decency by conſtantly viſiting them in perſon.

It has already been remarked, that though he did not himſelf underſtand muſic, yet he always attended at the performance of the anthem, that the choir might do their duty; but he had another practice yet more ſingular and more uſeful. As ſoon as the preacher mounted the pulpit, he pulled out a pencil and piece of paper, and carefully noted whatever was wrong, both in the expreſſions and the manner in which they were delivered, whether they were too ſcholaſtic to be generally underſtood, or ſo coarſe and vulgar as to loſe their dignity; and he never failed

to make these the subject of an admonition to the preacher as soon as he came into the Chapter-house.

He improved even his living of Laracor, though he continued there but a short time, and left both the house and glebe a convenient and agreeable retreat to his successor at a considerable expense, for which he knew no return would be made to his executors; and he determined to assert his right of absence against the Archbishop of Dublin, at the expense of several hundred pounds, at a time when he did not believe he should ever more claim the privilege for himself, because he would not endanger the liberty of his successor by an injurious precedent.

There is no act of virtue which men have so often substituted for the peculiar positive duties of Christians as liberality to the poor, nor any by which they have so often hoped to atone for the breach of every other moral obligation.

But the Dean, though he abounded in charity, was not less diligent in the practice of other virtues, or less devout and constant in the solemnities of religion. He was remarkably temperate both in eating and drinking; he was not only just, but punctual in his dealings, and he had an inviolable regard for truth. As he constantly attended divine worship when he was at home, so he used always to go early to church when he was in London; and never to sleep without assembling his family in his own chamber to prayers.

It has often been remarked that virtue in excess becomes vicious, and not only precludes the reward of the possessor, but produces rather mischief than good to others. An abhorrence of hypocrisy was a striking particular in Swift's character, but it is difficult to determine whether it was more a virtue than a vice, for it brought upon him the charge of irreligion, and encouraged others to be irreligious. In proportion as he abhorred hypocrisy he dreaded the imputation of it, and therefore concealed his piety with as much diligence as others conceal those vices which custom has not made reputable His constant attendance at church, when he was at the Deanery, he knew would be considered as the duty of his station; but whatever had the appearance of voluntary devotion he always took care to hide. When he went to church in London it was early in the morning: so that though he was constantly at prayers, and at the sacrament, yet he appeared to neglect both, as he was at home when others were at church. And when he went to prayers in his family, the servants assembled at the appointed hour as it were by stealth, without any notice from a bell, or any other call, except the striking of the clock; so that Dr. Delany was six months in his family before he suspected him of this unfashionable practice. The same principle upon which he thus studiously avoided the appearances of good made him frequently incur the appearances

of evil, eſpecially when an opportunity offered of indulging his peculiar vein of humour, and gratifying his natural diſpoſition. One inſtance of this has already been given, in his ſolemn addreſs to his clerk from the deſk, by the name of Roger; but there are others which are leſs excuſable. Soon after he was made Dean of St. Patrick's he had dined one Sunday with Dr. Raymond, Vicar of Trim, a little town near Dublin. When the bell had rung, the people were aſſembled to evening prayers, and Dr. Raymond was preparing to go to the church, which was not diſtant more than two hundred yards; "Raymond," ſaid the Dean, "I will lay you a crown that I begin prayers "before you this afternoon." Dr. Raymond accepted the wager, and immediately both ran as faſt as they could towards the church. Raymond, who was much nimbler than Swift, arrived firſt at the door, and when he entered the church walked decently towards the reading-deſk. Swift never ſlackened his pace, but running up the aiſle, left Dr. Raymond behind him in the middle of it, and ſtepping into the deſk, without putting on a ſurplice, or opening the Prayer-book, began the ſervice in an audible voice, and thus won his wager.

It has been common among the pretenders to wit to affect great contempt for every kind of regularity; to live, or pretend to live, in a ſtate of continual diſſipation, without regard to the return of thoſe ſea-

ſons which have been generally allotted to particular purpoſes, without ſleeping or waking, or eating or drinking, like the reſt of mankind. To recover theſe unhappy wretches from a condition ſo deplorable as to ſuppreſs indignation, and yet ſo contemptible as ſcarce to excite pity, it is here recorded, that the life of Swift was in the higheſt degree uniform and regular; his hours of walking and reading, of exerciſe and amuſement, never varied; and that he might keep the revolution of his employments with greater exactneſs, his watch was almoſt conſtantly either in his hand, or on the table before him.

As his abhorrence of hypocriſy exempted him from affectation, the natural equity of his mind ſecured him againſt envy. Envy ſeems to be a deſire of equality, gratified by degrading others, as emulation is a deſire of equality, gratified by advancing ourſelves. It does not appear that Swift, upon a ſuppoſition that he had no ſuperior, was without emulation; but by his ready aſſiſtance to advance the reputation and circumſtances of others, he appears to have been free from envy.

He cultivated genius wherever he found it, and in whatever degree, with great zeal and aſſiduity, and would carefully ſpend much time in correcting and improving any literary compoſition that had the leaſt appearance of ingenuity. Nor was this kindneſs confined to thoſe whoſe parts could never come in com-

petition with his own. He ſtarted many hints to Mr. Gay, which he purſued with great ſucceſs; and he recommended Congreve, Addiſon, Parnell, and many others, to thoſe whoſe favour was moſt likely to render them conſpicuous.

Among his ſingularities was his reſolution never to wear ſpectacles, and his obſtinate perſeverance in the uſe of too much exerciſe. His want of ſpectacles made it difficult to read, and his immoderate exerciſe waſted his fleſh, and produced a poorneſs in his blood, as he was often told by his friends and phyſicians, Dr. Helſham and Dr Gratton, and as afterwards appeared by experiment; for when he was reduced to a ſtate of idiotiſm, and ceaſed from walking, he recovered his fleſh in a ſhort time.

He was cleanly even to ſuperſtition; his nails were always pared to the quick, to prevent the leaſt gathering of dirt under them; and he never dreſſed without a baſon of water by him, with which he carefully cleanſed his feet. In his perſon he was robuſt and maſculine; his deportment was commanding, and his walk erect. His voice was ſharp and high-toned, eſpecially when he read prayers, but not effeminate; and there was a natural ſeverity in his aſpect, which even his ſmiles could ſcarce ſoften, nor his utmoſt gaiety relax.

His manner was without ceremony, but not ruſtic, for he had a perfect knowledge of all the modes and

and variations of politenefs and complaifance, which he practifed in a manner peculiar to himfelf; and the refpect that was due to him by thefe rules he took care to exact without the leaft abatement.

It will readily be admitted that every man has fome appetite, affection, or difpofition, which either in kind or in degree is irregular, and which it is the province of reafon to order and reftrain. As it will always happen that in fome inftances paffion will predominate, and reafon in others, it follows that there muft be fome diffimilitude in every character, from which Swift's could not therefore be exempt; but, upon the whole, it will be found uncommonly fteady and uniform; though fome, to fcreen their own fcattered and inconfiftent reprefentations of it from cenfure, have pretended that it was capricious, various, and contradictory.

Swift appears to have been naturally temperate and chafte; it was therefore eafy for him to be frugal; but he was alfo naturally high-fpirited; and therefore as wealth is the pledge of independence, it is not ftrange his frugality fhould verge towards excefs. However, as he acted upon principles not only of general virtue, but of the nobleft moral fyftem of Chriftianity, he did not deliver himfelf up to natural propenfities when they were contrary to his duty, and therefore his love of money did not contract his charity to the poor, or defraud his fucceffors to enrich himfelf.

The ſame ſpirit which ſecured his integrity, by diſdaining the meanneſs of a lie, produced that dread of hypocriſy which concealed his piety, and betrayed him into appearances of evil; and the ſame want of natural tenderneſs, which made him appear obdurate and auſtere, transferred the diſtribution of his liberality from inſtinct to religion, and made that which in others is an exerciſe of ſelf-love, in him an act of obedience to God.

Such was Dr. Jonathan Swift, whoſe writings either ſtimulate mankind to ſuſtain their dignity as rational and moral beings, by ſhewing how low they ſtand in mere animal nature, or fright them from indecency, by holding up its picture before them in its native deformity; and whoſe life, with all the advantages of genius and learning, was a ſcale of infelicity gradually aſcending, till pain and anguiſh deſtroyed the faculties by which they were felt. While he was viewed at a diſtance with envy he became a burthen to himſelf; he was forſaken by his friends, and his memory has been loaded with unmerited reproach: his Life, therefore, does not afford leſs inſtruction than his Writings, ſince to the wiſe it may teach humility, and to the ſimple content.

SOME PARTICULARS

IN DR. SWIFT'S CHARACTER,

Extracted from

Lord Orrery's Remarks, and Mr. Swift's Essay.

FROM LORD ORRERY.

DR. Swift was in the decline of life when I knew him. His friendſhip was an honour to me; and, to ſay the truth, I have even drawn advantage from his errors. I have beheld him in all humours and diſpoſitions; and I have formed various ſpeculations from the ſeveral weakneſſes to which I obſerved him liable. His capacity and ſtrength of mind were undoubtedly equal to any taſk whatever. His pride, his ſpirit, or his ambition, call it by what name you pleaſe, was boundleſs; but his views were checked in his younger years, and the anxiety of that diſappointment had a viſible effect upon all his actions. He was ſour and ſevere, but not abſolutely ill-natured. He was ſociable only to particular friends, and to them only at particular hours. He knew politeneſs more than he practiſed it. He was a mixture of avarice and generoſity: the former was frequently prevalent; the latter ſeldom appeared, unleſs excited by compaſſion. He was open to adulation, and could not, or would not, diſtinguiſh between low flattery and juſt applauſe.

His abilities rendered him ſuperior to envy. He was undiſguiſed, and perfectly ſincere. I am induced to think that he entered into orders more from ſome private and fixed reſolution than from abſolute choice. Be that as it may, he performed the duties of the church with great punctuality, and a decent degree of devotion. He read prayers rather in a ſtrong nervous voice than in a graceful manner: and although he has been often accuſed of irreligion, nothing of that kind appeared in his converſation or behaviour. His caſt of mind induced him to think and ſpeak more of politics than of religion. His perpetual views were directed towards power, and his chief aim was to be removed into England; but when he found himſelf entirely diſappointed, he turned his thoughts to oppoſition, and became the patron of Ireland.

Few characters have afforded ſo great a variety of faults and beauties. Few men have been more known and admired, or more envied and cenſured, than Dr. Swift. From the gifts of Nature he had great powers, and from the imperfection of humanity he had many failings. I always conſidered him as an *abſtract and brief chronicle of the times*, no man being better acquainted with human nature, both in the higheſt and in the loweſt ſcenes of life. His friends and correſpondents were the greateſt and moſt eminent men of the age; the ſages of antiquity were often the companions of his cloſet: and although he induſtri-

ously avoided an ostentation of learning, and generally chose to draw his materials from his own store, yet his knowledge in the ancient authors evidently appears from the strength of his sentiments, and the classic correctness of his style.

His attendance upon the public service of the church was regular and uninterrupted: and indeed regularity was peculiar to him in all his actions, even in the greatest trifles. His hours of walking and reading never varied: his motions were guided by his watch, which was so constantly held in his hand, or placed before him upon his table, that he seldom deviated many minutes in the daily revolution of his exercises and employments.

FROM MR. DEANE SWIFT.

THE character of Dr. Swift is so exceedingly strange, various, and perplexed, that it can never be drawn up with any degree of accuracy. I shall, however, remark some few particulars, without venturing to attempt the delineation of a character which hath entirely baffled all endeavours hitherto made either by friends or enemies.

Swift's natural temper seems to have been a miraculous compound of the placid and the severe: the placid frequently had the superiority in his breast; and the severe, in its turn, when excited by the fol-

lies and corruptions of human-kind, as frequently the predominance.

He was by nature of a ſpirit wonderfully exalted. His pride, if pride it muſt be called, was of a turn peculiar to himſelf: his whole deportment was of a piece: he would not have ſtooped to converſe with the greateſt monarch in Europe upon any terms lower than equality.

He knew to a point the reſpect that was due to him, which he took care to exact without any ſort of abatements. It will appear from the following inſtance with what quickneſs he reſented any failure in good manners. An Engliſh clergyman, appointed a Biſhop in Ireland, ſent his ſervant one morning to the Dean, to beg the favour of him to order St. Patrick's Cathedral to be got ready againſt the next Sunday for his conſecration. The Doctor would by no means grant his requeſt, but ſaid he would order the church to be in readineſs againſt the Sunday following. When the ſervant was gone, the Doctor told a friend then with him, that he could as well have had the church ready againſt the next as againſt the following Sunday; but, ſaid he, my reaſon for refuſing to grant that gentleman's requeſt was, becauſe he ought to have come himſelf, and not ſent his ſervant to me upon ſuch a meſſage.

Neither could he endure to be treated with any ſort of familiarity, or that any man living (his three

or four old acquaintances in England only excepted) should rank himſelf in the number of his friends. A young perſon of quality, upon ſome occaſion or other, once ventured to addreſs Dr. Swift in the ſtyle of *Dear Swift*, and call himſelf the Doctor's *friend*. When the Dean opened his letter, which was deſigned as a compliment, his indignation took inſtant fire. *Dear Swift!* ſaid he; what monſtrous familiarity is here! But when he found the letter-writer had called himſelf his friend, he was out of all patience. "My "friend! my friend!" ſaid he; "Piſh, pſha, my "friend! But—(ſaid he, recollecting himſelf)—he "is a Lord, and ſo let it paſs."

Swift's ſpirit was formed with a ſtrong reluctance to ſubmiſſion of any kind, and particularly he paid no regard to the monitions of his friends and phyſicians, who had frequently admoniſhed him of his over-exerciſe. This was not owing to his being weary of life; it was from an old ſettled principle, confirmed and rivetted in his mind when he was in the height of his glory and the meridian of his life, a principle, indeed, which he maintains, or at leaſt endeavours to maintain, with infinite wit and humour, in a letter to Mrs. Johnſon, Nov. 3, 1711, who had adviſed him to take phyſic upon the fall of the leaf. "A fig, (ſaith he) Madam, for your phyſic: if I "grow worſe I will; otherwiſe I will truſt to tem- "perance and exerciſe. Your fall of a leaf! what

"care I when the leaves fall? I am ſorry to ſee them "fall with all my heart; but why ſhould I take phy- "ſic becauſe leaves fall off from trees? that won't "hinder them from falling. If a man falls off a horſe, "muſt I take phyſic for that? This arguing makes "you mad; but it is true right reaſon, not to be diſ- "puted."

He was not only above all tincture of envy in his compoſition, but his talents were ſo great, that he was totally ſuperior to the emulation of all inferior wits: they every one of them bowed down to him as to the viceroy of Apollo.

The dæmon of malice was alſo a ſtranger to his heart, and well it might; for if at any time he was attacked with injurious treatment, he never ſmothered his revenge, like a way-laying coward, until a ſafer opportunity, but, like a brave and generous ſpirit, knocked down his adverſary directly on the ſpot.

The common vices and foibles of human-kind he laſhed with great ſeverity, in order to reſtrain their influence, and, if it were poſſible, to hinder the contagion from ſpreading in the community; yet ſtill without making examples of particular perſons; but ſlaves to party, and traitors to the public intereſt, he expoſed without mercy to the deriſion of the world. It may be thought, perhaps, that private animoſity frequently gave an edge to his ſatire. I cannot tell but in ſome caſes it might; but then it ſhould be con-

ſidered that Dr. Swift never looked upon himſelf in the character of a private perſon. He knew that a patriot, like an Aſiatic prince, muſt make himſelf dreaded: if he be once foiled his power is at an end. And, without controverſy, dominion, abſolute dominion, he had reſolved to poſſeſs over the minds of men, eſpecially over the minds of his countrymen; and accordingly he did poſſeſs it.

Swift was certainly a man of great ambition, though he denies it in his writings; but his ambition, ever directed by the rules of honour, was of a noble exalted ſtrain, worthy to be cheriſhed in the breaſt of an angel.

In his private character he was a man of fine addreſs, and perfectly well bred. He knew to a point all the modes and variations of complaiſance and politeneſs; and yet his manners were not framed like thoſe of any other mortal; but, corrected by general obſervation, and adapted to his own peculiar turn of genius, they ſhone forth, always enlivened more or leſs with ſome ſpirit of dominion, in a blaze of politeneſs ſo inimitably and ſo determinately his own, that in effect they ſeemed to be the reſult of pure nature, uncopied from any the brighteſt or the faireſt original.

Swift talked a great deal in all companies, without engroſſing the converſation to himſelf. In the character of a *tête à tête* companion he rather excel-

led himſelf: few that are equal to him in that reſpect, perhaps none that are his ſuperiors can be found upon earth. He was by no means in the claſs with thoſe who pour down their eloquence like a torrent, driving all before it: far from any deſires of that ſort, he equally loved to ſpeak, and loved to hearken. Like Falſtaff, he not only had wit himſelf, but frequently was the cauſe of wit in others. However, that univerſal reverence which was paid to his great abilities frequently ſtruck a damp on the ſpirits of thoſe who were not perfectly well acquainted with him; an effect of modeſty which, however, did not always happen to be conſtrued to their advantage, unleſs in the caſe of very young people; for when ſuch perſons were gone, if none but his intimates were preſent, he would expreſs himſelf with ſome degree of emotion, and cry, Such a one, I have heard, is a very great man; or, Such a one, they ſay, has abundance of learning; or, Such a one, I have been told, has an excellent underſtanding; but God deliver me from ſuch companions!

If we conſider Swift as a divine and a Chriſtian, we ſhall find him although not ſo grave, yet at leaſt as perfect, as the moſt famous of his contemporaries. His firſt ſetting out in the world may be thought ſomewhat ſingular in this profane, hypocritical, corrupted age. We are aſſured from his own accounts that his ideas of religion were ſo extremely delicate,

that he could not but entertain ſome ſcruple, notwithſtanding his fortune was very ſmall, of entering into the church merely for ſupport, although it is plain that he had early ſeparated himſelf to the work of the miniſtry. He was of a genius thoroughly well adapted for the improvement of any congregation whatever, his arguments being always clear, cogent, and ſatisfactory. But ſurely thoſe improved, extenſive abilities, which rendered him at once the delight and the admiration of the world, were never deſigned by his Creator to be confined within the narrow limits of any pariſh or dioceſs.

In his private character, as a man of religion, he appears to have been a great and ſhining example of Chriſtian faith and morals. In himſelf he was chaſte, ſober, and temperate. I remember he once told me occaſionally, that he never had been drunk in his life. In his general behaviour he was open, free, diſengaged, and cheerful. In his dealings with the world he was honeſt and ſincere. In relieving the poor and the diſtreſſed he was liberal to profuſion, if denying himſelf, and throwing upon the waters above a third part of his income, will entitle him to the character of being exceedingly generous. With regard to his faith, he was truly orthodox: moreover, he was regular, exceedingly regular, in all his duties to God, eſpecially in attending the public worſhip, yet ſtill without any parade or colour of oſtentation. But, to crown his

whole character as a man of religion, and to ſhew how much he deteſted that ſatanical vice of hypocriſy, I ſhall tranſcribe a paragraph from a ſermon of his not yet publiſhed, on the Excellency of the Chriſtian Religion oppoſed to Heathen Philoſophy. "Chriſtian "wiſdom (ſaith he) is without partiality: it is not "calculated for this or that nation or people, but the "whole race of mankind; not to the philoſophical "ſchemes, which were narrow and confined, adapted "to their peculiar towns, governments, or ſects; but "in every nation he that feareth God and worketh "righteouſneſs is accepted with him. Laſtly, It is "without hypocriſy: it appears to be what it really "is: it is all of a piece. By the doctrines of the Go-"ſpel we are ſo far from being allowed to publiſh to "the world thoſe virtues we have not, that we are "commanded to hide even from ourſelves thoſe we "really have, and not to let our right hand know what "our left hand does; unlike ſeveral branches of the "Heathen wiſdom, which pretended to teach inſen-"ſibility and indifference, magnanimity and con-"tempt of life, while at the ſame time in other parts "it belied its own doctrines."

Some particulars concerning Dr. Swift. Taken from Mrs. Pilkington's Memoirs.

Mrs. Pilkington's acquaintance with Dr. Swift commenced from ſending him ſome lines on his birth-

day; these the Dean received very kindly, and said he would see her whenever she pleased.

A few days after she was introduced to the Dean in Dr. Delany's garden at Delville, by a gentlewoman. He saluted her, and asked the lady if she was her daughter? The lady smiled, and said, she was Mrs. Pilkington. "What," says he, "this poor little "child married! God help her! she is early enga-"ged to trouble." The Dean engaging Mr. Pilkington to preach for him at the Cathedral next Sunday, invited her, with the rest of the company, to dinner. As the communion is administered every Sunday in St. Patrick's church, Mrs. Pilkington was charmed to see with what a becoming piety the Dean performed that holy service, which he had so much at heart, that he wanted not the assistance of the Liturgy, but went quite through it without ever looking in the book. He bowed at the table, which behaviour was censured, as favouring of Popery: but this circumstance may vindicate him from the wicked aspersion of being deemed an unbeliever, since it is plain he had the utmost reverence for the eucharist. Service being ended, the Dean was surrounded at the church-door by a crowd of poor, to all of whom he gave charity except an old woman, who held out a very dirty hand to him. He told her, very gravely, that though she was a beggar, water was not so scarce but she might have washed her hands. When they came to the

Deanery, the Dean kindly ſaluted Mrs. Pilkington, and, without allowing her time to ſit down, bade her come and ſee his library, but merrily told Mr. Pilkington, who was for following them, that he did not deſire his company. "Well," ſaid he to her, "I "have brought you here to ſhew you all the money I "got when I was in the miniſtry; but don't ſteal any "of it." "I won't, indeed, Sir," ſaid ſhe. So opening a cabinet, he ſhewed her a parcel of empty drawers: "Bleſs me!" ſays he, "the money is flown." He then opened his bureau, wherein he had a great number of curious trinkets of various kinds, ſome of which were preſented to him by the Earl and Counteſs of Oxford, Lady Maſham, and Lady Betty Germain. At laſt coming to a drawer filled with medals, he bade her chuſe two for herſelf; but he could not help ſmiling when ſhe began to poize them in her hands, chuſing them by weight rather than antiquity.

At dinner the Dean's behaviour was very humorous. He placed himſelf at the head of his table, oppoſite to a great pier glaſs, ſo that he could ſee in the glaſs whatever the ſervants did behind him. He was ſerved entirely in plate, with great elegance; but the beef being over-roaſted put the company all in confuſion. The Dean called for the cook-maid, and ordered her to take the beef down ſtairs, and do it leſs. She anſwered, very innocently, that ſhe could not. "Why, what ſort of a creature are you," ſays

he, "to commit a fault which cannot be amended?" And turning to Mrs. Pilkington, he ſaid very gravely, "That he hoped, as the cook was a woman of genius, "he ſhould, by this manner of arguing, be able, in "about a year's time, to convince her ſhe had better "ſend up the meat too little than too much done;" charging the men ſervants, whenever they imagined the meat was ready, they ſhould take it ſpit and all, and bring it up by force, promiſing to aid them in caſe the cook reſiſted. Then turning his eye on the looking-glaſs, he eſpied the butler opening a bottle of ale, and, helping himſelf to the firſt glaſs, he very kindly jumbled the reſt together, that his maſter and gueſts might all fare alike. "Ha! friend," ſaid the Dean, "Sharp's the word, I find; you drank my ale, "for which I ſtop two ſhillings of your board-wages "this week: for I ſcorn to be outdone in any thing, "even in cheating."

Dinner being ended, the Dean thanked Mr. Pilkington for his ſermon. "I never," ſaid he, "preach-"ed but twice in my life, and then they were not "ſermons, but pamphlets." Mrs. Pilkington aſked him what might be the ſubject of them? He told her they were againſt Wood's halfpence. Having aſked Mr. and Mrs. Pilkington if they could ſmoke? and being anſwered that they did not; "'Tis a ſign," ſaid he, "you were neither of you bred in the Uni-"verſity of Oxford, for drinking and ſmoking are the

"first rudiments of learning taught there; and in "those two arts no university in Europe can outdo "them." Having asked Mrs. Pilkington if she had any faults? "Pray, Mr. Dean," said Dr. Delany, "why will you be so unpolite as to suppose Mrs. Pil- "kington has any faults?" "I'll tell you" replied the Dean; "whenever I see a number of agreeable qua- "lities in any person, I am always sure they have bad "ones sufficient to poize the scale." Mrs. Pilkington bowed, and told him he did her great honour, in that copying Bishop Berkeley, whom she had frequently heard declare, that when any speech was made to him which might be construed either into a compliment or an affront, or that had two handles, he always took hold of the best.

The Dean then asked Mrs. Pilkington if she were a queen what she would chuse to have after dinner? She answered, "Your conversation, Sir." "Pooh!" said he; "I mean what regale." "A dish of coffee, "Sir," answered she. "Why then," said he, "I will "so far make you as happy as a queen; you shall "have some in perfection; for when I was Chaplain "to the Earl of Berkeley, who was in the government "here, I was so poor I was obliged to keep a coffee- "house, and all the nobility resorted to it to talk trea- "son." The Dean then set about making the coffee; but the fire scorching his hand, he called to Mrs. Pil- kington to reach him his glove; and changing the

coffeepot to his left hand, held out his right one, ordering her to put the glove on it, which accordingly ſhe did; when taking up part of his gown to fan himſelf with, and acting in character of a prudiſh lady, he ſaid, " Well, I don't know what to think; women " may be honeſt that do ſuch things; but, for my " part, I never could bear to touch any man's fleſh— " except my huſband's, whom, perhaps," ſaid he, "ſhe " wiſhed at the devil."

" Mr. Pilkington," ſaid he, " you would not tell " me your wife's faults; but I have found her out to " be a d—n'd inſolent, proud, unmannerly ſlut." " What has ſhe done now?" ſaid Mr. Pilkington. " Done," ſaid the Dean; " why nothing, but ſat " there quietly, and never once offered to interrupt " me in making the coffee; whereas a lady of modern " good breeding would have ſtruggled with me for " the coffeepot till ſhe had made me ſcald myſelf " and her, and make me throw the coffee in the fire, " or perhaps at her head, rather than permit me to " take ſo much trouble for her."

Mrs. Pilkington ſtaid at home with the Dean during the time of the afternoon's ſervice, and he made her read his Hiſtory of the four laſt Years of Q. Anne, aſking her, at the concluſion of every period, whether ſhe underſtood it? " for I would," ſaid he " have it " intelligible to the meaneſt capacity; and if you " comprehend it, 'tis poſſible every body may."

She accompanied the Dean to evening-prayer, and on their return to the Deanery he told Mr. and Mrs. Pilkington that he gave them leave to ſtay to ſupper, which from him was a ſufficient invitation. The Dean then decanted a bottle of wine, and the laſt glaſs being muddy, he called to Mr. Pilkington to drink it; "for," ſays he, "I always keep ſome poor "parſon to drink the foul wine for me." Mr. Pilkington entering into his humour, thanked him, and told him he did not know the difference, but was glad to get a glaſs at any rate. "Why then," ſaid the Dean, "you ſhan't, for I'll drink it myſelf. Why, p—x take "you, you are wiſer than a paltry curate whom I aſk-"ed to dine with me a few days ago; for upon my "making the ſame ſpeech to him, he told me he did "not underſtand ſuch uſage, and ſo walked off with-"out his dinner. By the ſame token I told the gentle-"man who recommended him to me that the fellow "was a blockhead, and I had done with him."

The Dean then miſſing his golden bottle-ſcrew, told Mrs. Pilkington, very ſternly, he was ſure ſhe had ſtolen it. She affirmed, very ſeriouſly, ſhe had not; upon which he looked for it, and found it where he himſelf had laid it. "'Tis well for you," ſaid he, "that I have got it, or I would have charged you "with theft." "Why, pray, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "ſhould "I be ſuſpected more than any other perſon in the

" company?" " For a very good reaſon," ſaid he, " becauſe you are the pooreſt."

At their going away the Dean handed Mrs. Pilkington down all the ſteps to the coach, thanking them for the honour of their company, at the ſame time ſlipping into her hand as much money as Mr. Pilkington and ſhe had given at the offering in the morning, and coach-hire alſo, which ſhe durſt not refuſe, leſt ſhe ſhould have been deemed as great a blockhead as the parſon who refuſed the thick wine.

In one of the Dean's periodical fits of deafneſs he ſent for Mrs. Pilkington, who having come, he brought out to her a large book, finely bound in Turkey leather, and handſomely gilt. " This," ſaid he, " is a " tranſlation of the Epiſtles of Horace, a preſent to " me from the author; 'tis a ſpecial good cover; but " I have a mind there ſhould be ſomething valuable " within ſide of it." " So taking out his penknife, " he cut out all the leaves cloſe to the inner margin. " Now," ſaid he, " I will give theſe what they great- " ly want;" and put them all into the fire. " Your " taſk, Madam, is to paſte in theſe letters, in this " cover, in the order I ſhall give them to you: I in- " tended to do it myſelf, but that I thought it might " be a pretty amuſement for a child, ſo I ſent for " you." She told him ſhe was extremely proud to be honoured with his commands, but requeſted to have leave to read the letters as ſhe went on. " Why,"

ſaid the Dean, " provided you will acknowledge " yourſelf amply rewarded for your trouble, I don't " much care if I indulge you ſo far."

In reading the letters ſhe could not avoid remarking to the Dean, that notwithſtanding the friendſhip Mr. Pope profeſſed for Mr. Gay, he could not forbear a great many ſatirical, or, if ſhe might be allowed to ſay ſo, envious remarks, on the ſucceſs of the Beggar's Opera. The Dean very frankly owned he did not think Mr. Pope was ſo candid to the merit of other writers as he ought to be. She then ventured to aſk the Dean whether he thought the lines Mr. Pope addreſſes him with in the beginning of the Dunciad were any compliment to him? *viz.*

O thou! whatever title pleaſe thine ear.

" I believe," ſaid he, " they were meant as ſuch, " but they are very ſtiff." " Indeed, Sir," ſaid ſhe, " he is ſo perfectly a maſter of harmonious numbers, " that had his heart been the leaſt affected with his " ſubject he muſt have writ better. How cold, how " forced, are his lines to you, compared with your's " to him!

Hail, happy Pope! whoſe gen'rous mind, &c.

" Here we ſee the maſterly poet, and the warm, ſin- " cere, generous friend; while he, according to the " character he gives of Mr. Addiſon, *damns with faint* " *praiſe.*"—" Well," replied the Dean, " I'll ſhew " you a late letter of his." He did ſo; and Mrs.

Pilkington was ſurpriſed to find it filled with low and ungentleman-like reflections both on Mr. Gay and the two noble perſons who honoured him with their patronage after his diſappointment at court. "Well, "Madam," ſaid the Dean, "what do you think of "that letter?" (ſeeing ſhe had gone quite through it.) "Indeed, Sir," replied ſhe, "I am ſorry I have read "it; for it gives me reaſon to think there is no ſuch "thing as a ſincere friend to be met with in the "world."—"Why," replied he, "authors are as "jealous of their prerogative as kings, and can no "more bear a rival in the empire of wit than a mo-"narch could in his dominions." Mrs. Pilkington "then obſerving a Latin ſentence writ in Italics, de-"ſired the Dean to explain it. "No," replied he, ſmiling, "I'll leave that for your huſband to do. I'll "ſend for him to dine with us, and in the mean "time we'll go and take a walk in Naboth's vine-"yard."—"Where may that be, pray, Sir?" ſaid ſhe. "Why, a garden," ſaid the Dean, "I cheated "one of my neighbours out of." When they enter-ed the garden, or rather the field, which was ſquare, and incloſed with a ſtone wall, the Dean aſked her how ſhe liked it? "Why, pray, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "where is "the garden?" "Look behind you," ſaid he. She did ſo, and obſerved the ſouth wall was lined with brick, and a great number of fruit-trees planted againſt it, which being then in bloſſom looked very beautiful.

" What are you ſo intent on ?" ſaid the Dean. " The " opening bloom," replied ſhe; which brought Waller's lines to her remembrance.

Hope waits upon the flow'ry prime.

" Oh!" replied he, " you are in a poetical vein; I " thought you had been taking notice of my wall: " 'tis the beſt in Ireland. When the maſons were " building it, (as moſt tradeſmen are rogues) I watch- " ed them very cloſe, and as often as they could they " put in a rotten ſtone; of which, however, I took " no notice till they had built three or four perches " beyond it. Now, as I am an abſolute monarch in " the liberties, and king of the mob, my way with " them was, to have the wall thrown down to the " place where I obſerved the rotten ſtone, and by do- " ing ſo five or ſix times, the workmen were at laſt " convinced it was their intereſt to be honeſt:"— " Or elſe, Sir," ſaid Mrs. Pilkington, " your wall " would have been as tedious a piece of work as Pe- " nelope's web, if all that was done in the day was " to be undone at night." " Well," anſwered the Dean, " I find you have poetry for every occaſion; " but as you cannot keep pace with me in walking, " I would have you ſit down on that little bank till " you are reſted, or I tired, to put us more upon a par."

She ſeated herſelf, and away the Dean walked, or rather trotted, as hard as ever he could drive. She could not help ſmiling at his odd gait; for ſhe thought

to herſelf he had written ſo much in praiſe of horſes, that he was reſolved to imitate them as nearly as he could. As ſhe was indulging this fancy, the Dean returned to her, and gave her a ſtrong confirmation of his partiality to thoſe animals. "I have been conſidering, Madam, as I walked," ſaid he, "what a fool Mr. Pilkington was to marry you; for he could have afforded to keep a horſe for leſs money than you coſt him: and that, you muſt confeſs, would have given him better exerciſe and more pleaſure than a wife.—Why, you laugh, and don't anſwer me—is not it truth?"—"I muſt anſwer you, Sir," replied ſhe, "with another queſtion: Pray how can a bachelor judge of this matter?" "I find," ſaid he, "you are vain enough to give yourſelf the preference." "I do, Sir," replied ſhe, "to that ſpecies here; to a Houyhnhnm I would, as becomes me, give preference. But, Sir, it is going to rain."—"I hope not," ſaid he, "for that will coſt me ſixpence for a coach for you," (the garden being at ſome diſtance from the houſe.) "Come, haſte; O how the teſter trembles in my pocket!" She obeyed, and they got in a-doors juſt time enough to eſcape a heavy ſhower. "Thank God," ſaid the Dean, "I have ſaved my money. Here, you, fellow," (to the ſervant) "carry this ſixpence to the lame old man that ſells gingerbread at the corner, becauſe he tries to do ſomething, and does not beg."

Mrs. Pilkington was ſhewed into a little ſtreet-parlour, where was Mrs. Brent, his houſekeeper. "Here," ſays he, "Mrs. Brent, take care of this child, while "I take my walk out within doors." The Dean then ran up the great ſtairs, down one pair of back-ſtairs, up another, in ſo violent a manner, that Mrs. Pilkington could not help expreſſing her uneaſineſs to Mrs. Brent leſt he ſhould fall and be hurted. Mrs. Brent ſaid it was a cuſtomary exerciſe with him when the weather did not permit him to walk abroad.

Mrs. Brent then told Mrs. Pilkington of the Dean's charity; of his giving above half of his yearly income in private penſions to decayed families; and keeping 500 *l.* in the conſtant ſervice of induſtrious poor, which he lent out 5 *l.* at a time, and took the payment back at 1 *s.* a-week; which, ſhe obſerved, did them more ſervice than if he gave it to them entirely, as it obliged them to work, and at the ſame time kept up this charitable fund for the aſſiſtance of many. "You "cannot imagine," ſaid ſhe, "what numbers of poor "tradeſmen, who have even wanted proper tools to "carry on their work, have, by this ſmall loan, been "put into a proſperous way, and brought up their "families in credit. The Dean, added ſhe, has found "out a new method of being charitable, in which, "however, I believe he will have but few followers; "which is, to debar himſelf of what he calls the ſuperfluities of life, in order to adminiſter to the ne-

" ceſſities of the diſtreſſed. You juſt now ſaw an in-
" ſtance of it; the money a coach would have coſt
" him he gave to a poor man unable to walk. When
" he dines alone he drinks a pint of beer, and gives
" away the price of a pint of wine. And thus he
" acts in numberleſs inſtances."

The Dean came to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Pilkington at their Lilliputian palace, as he called it; and, who could have thought it? he juſt looked into the parlour, and ran up into the garret, then into Mrs. Pilkington's bedchamber and library, and from thence down to the kitchen; and the houſe being very clean he complimented her upon it, and told her that was his cuſtom; and that it was from the cleanlineſs of the garret and kitchen he judged of the good houſewifery of the miſtreſs of the houſe; for no doubt but a ſlut would have the room clean where the gueſts were to be entertained.

He was ſometimes very rude, even to his ſuperiors, of which the following ſtory, related to Mrs. Pilkington by himſelf, may ſerve as one inſtance amongſt a thouſand others.

The laſt time he was in London he went to dine with the Earl of Burlington, who was then but newly married. The Earl being willing, 'tis ſuppoſed, to have ſome diverſion, did not introduce him to his lady, nor mention his name. It is to be obſerved that his gown was generally very ruſty, and his per-

ſon no way extraordinary. After dinner, ſaid the Dean, "Lady Burlington, I hear you can ſing: ſing "me a ſong." The lady looked on this unceremonious manner of aſking a favour with diſtaſte, and poſitively refuſed him. He ſaid ſhe ſhould ſing, or he would make her. "Why, Madam, I ſuppoſe you "take me for one of your poor Engliſh hedge par-"ſons; ſing when I bid you." As the Earl did nothing but laugh at this freedom, the lady was ſo vexed that ſhe burſt into tears and retired.

His firſt compliment to her when he ſaw her again was, "Pray, Madam, are you as proud and as ill-"natured now as when I ſaw you laſt?" To which ſhe anſwered, with great good humour, "No, Mr. "Dean; I'll ſing for you, if you pleaſe." From which time he conceived great eſteem for her. But who that knew him would take offence at his bluntneſs.

Mrs. Pilkington could not recollect that ever ſhe ſaw the Dean laugh; perhaps he thought it beneath him; for when any pleaſantry paſſed which might have excited it, he uſed to ſuck his cheeks to avoid riſibility. He uſed frequently to put her in mind of Shakeſpeare's deſcription of Caſſius:

> He is a great diſcerner, and he looks
> Quite through the deeds of men------
> Seldom he ſmiles, and ſmiles in ſuch a ſort
> As if he mock'd himſelf, and ſcorn'd his ſpirit,
> That could be mov'd to ſmile at any thing.
>
> Jul. Caeſar.

Mrs. Pilkington believed the Dean's early youth did not promiſe that bright day of wit which has ſince enlightened the learned world. Whilſt he was at the Univerſity of Dublin, he was ſo far from being diſtinguiſhed for any ſuperiority of parts or learning, that he was ſtopped of his degree as a dunce: when ſhe heard the Dean relate this circumſtance, ſhe told him ſhe ſuppoſed he had been idle; but he affirmed to the contrary, aſſuring her he was really dull: which, if true, is very ſurpriſing.

"I have," ſays ſhe, "often been led to look on "the world as a garden, and the human minds as "ſo many plants ſet by the hand of the great Crea- "tor for utility and ornament. Thus ſome, we ſee, "early produce beautiful bloſſoms, and as ſoon fade "away; others, whoſe gems are more ſlow in un- "folding, but more permanent when blown; and "others again who, though longer in arriving at "perfection, not only bleſs us then with ſhade and "odour, but alſo with delicious wholeſome fruit."

He was a perpetual friend to merit and learning, and utterly incapable of envy; for in true genuine wit he could fear no rival.

It has been often obſerved, that where great talents are beſtowed, there the ſtrongeſt paſſions are likewiſe given. This great man did but too often let them have dominion over him, and that on the moſt trifling occaſions. During meal times he was

evermore in a ſtorm; the meat was always too much or too little done, or the ſervants had offended in ſome point imperceptible to the reſt of the company: however, when the cloth was taken away he made his gueſts rich amends for the pain he had given them; for then

> Was truly mingled in the friendly bowl
> The feaſt of reaſon and the flow of ſoul. POPE.

Yet he preſerved ſtrict temperance, for he never drank above half a pint of wine, in every glaſs of which he mixed water and ſugar; yet, if he liked his company, would ſit many hours over it, unlocking all the ſprings of policy, learning, true humour, and inimitable wit.

The following ſtory the Dean told to Mrs. Pilkington.

A clergyman, who was a moſt learned fine gentleman, but under the ſofteſt and politeſt appearance concealed the muſt turbulent ambition, having made his merit as a preacher too eminent to be overlooked, had it early rewarded with a mitre. Dr. Swift went to congratulate him on it; but told him, he hoped, as his Lordſhip was a native of Ireland, and had now a ſeat in the Houſe of Peers, he would employ his powerful elocution in the ſervice of his diſtreſſed country. The prelate told him the biſhopric was but a very ſmall one, and he could not hope for a better if he did not oblige the court. "Very well,"

ſays Swift, "then it is to be hoped, when you have "a better you will become an honeſt man." "Ay, "that I will, Mr. Dean," ſays he. "Till then, my "Lord, farewell," anſwered Swift. This prelate was twice tranſlated to richer ſees, and on every tranſlation Dr. Swift waited on him to remind him of his promiſe; but to no purpoſe: there was now an archbiſhopric in view, and till that was obtained nothing could be done. Having, in a ſhort time, likewiſe got this, he then ſent for the Dean, and told him, "I am now at the top of my preferment; "for I well know no Iriſhman will ever be made "Primate; therefore, as I can riſe no higher in fortune or ſtation, I will zealouſly promote the good "of my country." And from that time he commenced a moſt outrageous patriot.

A CRITICISM ON DR. SWIFT'S POEMS.

The poetical performances of Dr. Swift ought to be considered as occasional poems, framed either to please or vex some particular persons. We must not suppose them designed for posterity. If he had cultivated his genius in that way, he must certainly have excelled, especially in satire. We see fine sketches in several of his pieces, but he seems more desirous to inform and strengthen his mind, than to indulge the luxuriancy of his imagination. He chuses to discover and correct errors in the works of others, rather than to illustrate and add beauties to his own. Like a skilful artist, he is fond of probing wounds to their depth, and of enlarging them to open view. He prefers caustics, which erode proud flesh, to softer balsamics, which give more immediate ease. He aims to be severely useful rather than politely engaging; and as he was either not formed, or would not take pains, to excel in poetry, he became, in some measure, superior to it, and assumed more the air and manners of a critic than of a poet. Had he lived in the same age with Horace, he would have approached nearer to him than any other poet; and if we may make an allowance for the different course of study, and different form of government, to which each of these great men were subject, we may observe, in several instances, a strong resemblance between them. Both poets are equally

diſtinguiſhed for wit and humour; each diſplays a peculiar felicity in diction; but of the two Horace is the more elegant and delicate; while he condemns he pleaſes. Swift takes pleaſure in giving pain. The diſſimilitude of their tempers might be owing to the different turns in their fortune. Swift early formed large views of ambition, and was diſappointed: Horace, from an exiled low ſtate, roſe into affluence, and enjoyed the favour and friendſhip of Auguſtus. Each poet was the delight of the principal perſons of his age. *Cum magnis vixiſſe* was not more applicable to Horace than to Swift. They both were temperate, both were frugal, and both were of the ſame Epicurean taſte. Horace had his Lydia, Swift had his Vaneſſa: Horace had his Mecænas and his Agrippa, Swift had his Oxford and his Bolingbroke: Horace had his Virgil, Swift had his Pope.

Swift, who had the niceſt ear, is remarkably chaſte and delicate in his rhymes: a bad rhyme appeared to him one of the capital ſins in poetry, and yet it is a ſin into which ſome of our greateſt poets have fallen; Dryden frequently, Pope ſometimes. The former was embarraſſed with a wife and family, and was often under ſuch neceſſitous circumſtances, as to be obliged to publiſh or to want ſubſiſtence: the latter was in a leſs confined, and in a much more eaſy, ſituation: he was naturally judicious, and uncommonly attentive to maintain the dignity of his character: al-

though his body was weak, his mind was equal to the weight of his laurel crown, and he wore it not only with eaſe but majeſty. Take him as a poet *we ſhall not ſee his like again.*

The Dean kept company with many of the fair ſex, but they were rather his amuſement than his admiration: he trifled away many hours in their converſation, he filled many pages in their praiſe, and, by the power of his head, he gained the character of a lover, without the leaſt aſſiſtance from his heart. To this particular kind of pride, ſupported by the bent of his genius, and joined by the exceſſive coldneſs of his nature, Vaneſſa owed the ruin of her reputation, and from the ſame cauſes Stella remained an unacknowledged wife. If we conſider Swift's behaviour ſo far only as it relates to women, we ſhall find that he looked upon them rather as buſts than as whole figures. In his panegyrical deſcriptions he has ſeldom deſcended lower than the centre of their hearts: or, if ever he has deſigned a complete ſtatue, it has been generally caſt in a dirty or in a diſagreeable mould; as if ſtatuary had not conceived, or had not experienced, that juſtneſs of proportion, that delicacy of limb, and thoſe pleaſing and graceful attitudes, which have conſtituted the ſex to be the moſt beautiful part of the creation. If you review his ſeveral Poems to Stella, you will find them fuller of affection than deſire,

and more expressive of friendship than of love. For example,

> Thou, Stella, wert no longer young
> When first for thee my harp I strung;
> Without one word of Cupid's darts,
> Of killing eyes or bleeding hearts;
> With friendship and esteem possest,
> I ne'er admitted Love a guest.

Most of the Poems which are absolutely addressed to Stella, or which describe her in a variety of attitudes, turn upon her age; a kind of excuse, perhaps, for Swift's want of love.

It is impossible for me to pass a very minute comment upon the various Poems wrote by Swift: they are not only mingled improperly, in point of dates and subjects, but many, very many, of them are temporary, trifling, and, I had almost said, puerile: several of them are personal, and, consequently, scarce amusing, or at least they leave a very small impression upon our minds. Such, indeed, as are likely to draw your attention are exquisite, and so peculiarly his own, that whoever has dared to imitate him in these, or in any of his works, has constantly failed in the attempt. Upon a general view of his Poetry, we shall find him, as in his other performances, an uncommon, surprising, heteroclite genius; luxurious in his fancy, lively in his ideas, humorous in his descriptions, and bitter, exceeding bitter, in his satire. The restlessness of his imagination, and the disappointment of

his ambition, have both contributed to hinder him from undertaking any poetical work of length or importance. His wit was ſufficient to every labour; no flight could have wearied the ſtrength of his pinions: perhaps if the extenſive views of his nature had been fully ſatisfied, his airy motions had been more regular and leſs ſudden: but he now appears like an eagle that is ſometimes chained, and at that particular time, for want of nobler and more proper food, diverts his confinement, and appeaſes his hunger, by deſtroying the gnats, butterflies, and other wretched inſects that unluckily happen to buz or flutter within his reach.

While I have been reading over his Poems, I have conſidered him as an Egyptian hieroglyphic, which, though it had an unnatural and frequently an indecent appearance, yet it always contained ſome ſecret marks of wiſdom, and ſometimes of deep morality. The ſubject of his Poems are often nauſeous, and the performances beautifully diſagreeable.

The Lady's Dreſſing-room has been univerſally condemned, as deficient in point of delicacy even to the higheſt degree. The beſt apology that can be made in its favour, is to ſuppoſe that the Author exhibited his Celia in the moſt hideous colours he could find, leſt ſhe might be miſtaken as a goddeſs when ſhe was only a mortal. External beauty is very alluring to youth and inexperience, and Swift, by pulling off the

borrowed plumes of his harpy, discovers at once a frightful bird of prey, and, by making her offensive, renders her less dangerous and inviting. Such, I hope, was his design. But let his views and motives have been ever so beneficial, his general want of delicacy and decorum must not hope even to find the shadow of an excuse; for it is impossible not to own that he too frequently forgets that politeness and tenderness of manners which are undoubtedly due to human-kind. From his early and repeated disappointments he becomes a misanthrope. If his mind had been more equal and content, I am willing to believe that he would have viewed the works of Nature with a more benign aspect: and perhaps under a less constant rotation of anxiety, he might have preserved his senses to the last scene of life, and might have enjoyed that calm exit from the stage for which his friend Horace so earnestly supplicates Apollo:

> Frui paratis et valido mihi,
> Latoe, dones, et precor, integra
> Cum mente; nec turpem senectam
> Degere, nec cithara carentem.

His pride was so great as scarce to admit any body to the least share of his friendship, except such who could amuse him, or such who could do him honour: to these two different classes we owe many of his Poems. His companions and humble followers find themselves immortalized by the insertion of their names in addresses to Stella, or in other miscellane-

ous pieces, written in an eaſy, although not in a careleſs, manner. His more exalted friends, whoſe ſtations and characters did him honour, are treated in a different ſtyle; and you will perceive a real dignity, and a moſt delicate kind of wit, in all his Poems to Lord Oxford, Lord Peterborough, Lord Carteret, (now Earl of Granville) Mr. Pulteney, (now Earl of Bath) and I think I may particularly add, in a poem to the Counteſs of Winchelſea, (under the name of Ardelia) and another to Mrs. Biddy Floyd. Theſe names abetted him in his purſuit of fame; they reflected back the glory which he gave. But ſtill I cannot recollect one poem, nay, ſcarce a couplet, to his noble patron Lord Bolingbroke. In that inſtance he has been as ſilent as Virgil has been to Horace; and yet he certainly had not a grain of envy in his compoſition.

I think I can diſcern a third kind of ſtyle in his Poems addreſſed to Mr. Pope, Mr. Gay, Dr. Delany, and Dr. Young. When he writes to them there is a mixture of eaſe, dignity, familiarity, and affection: they were his intimate friends, whom he loved ſincerely, and whom he wiſhed to accompany into the poetical regions of eternity.

As to the poem called Death and Daphne, I recollect an odd incident relating to that nymph. Swift, ſoon after our acquaintance, introduced me to her, as to one of his female favourites. I had ſcarce

been half an hour in her company before ſhe aſked me if I had ſeen the Dean's poem upon Death and Daphne? As I told her I had not, ſhe immediately unlocked a cabinet, and bringing out the manuſcript, read it to me with a ſeeming ſatisfaction, of which at that time I doubted the ſincerity. While ſhe was reading the Dean was perpetually correcting her for bad pronunciation, and for placing a wrong emphaſis upon particular words. As ſoon as ſhe had gone thro' the compoſition, ſhe aſſured me ſmilingly, that the portrait of Daphne was drawn for herſelf. I begged to be excuſed from believing it, and proteſted that I could not ſee one feature that had the leaſt reſemblance: but the Dean immediately burſt into a fit of laughter: "You "fancy," ſays he, "that you are very polite: but "you are much miſtaken. That lady had rather be "a Daphne drawn by me, than a Sachariſſa by any "other pencil." She confirmed what he had ſaid with great earneſtneſs; ſo that I had no other method of retrieving my error than by whiſpering in her ear, as I was conducting her down ſtairs to dinner, that indeed I found

Her hand as dry and cold as lead.

You ſee the command which Swift had over all his females, and you would have ſmiled to have found his houſe a conſtant ſeraglio of very virtuous women, who attended him from morning till night, with an obedience, an awe, and an aſſiduity, that are ſeldom

paid to the richeſt or the moſt powerful lovers; no, not even to the Grand Signior himſelf.

To theſe ladies Swift owed the publication of many pieces which ought never to have been delivered to the preſs. He communicated every compoſition, as ſoon as finiſhed, to his female ſenate, who not only paſſed their judgment on the performance, but conſtantly aſked, and almoſt as conſtantly obtained, a copy of it. You cannot be ſurpriſed that it was immediately afterwards ſeen in print, and, when printed, became a part of his works. He lived much at home, and was continually writing when alone. Not any of his ſenators preſumed to approach him when he ſignified his pleaſure to remain in private and without interruption. His nightgown and ſlippers were not eaſier put on or off than his attendants. No prince ever met with more flattery to his own perſon, or more devotion to his own mandates. This deſpotic power not only blinded him, but gave a looſe to paſſions that ought to have been kept under a proper reſtraint. I am ſorry to ſay that whole nations are ſometimes ſacrificed to his reſentment; for reflections of that ſort appear to me the leaſt juſtifiable of any kind of ſatire. You will read his *acerima* with indignation, and his *minutiæ* with regret; yet I muſt add, that ſince he has deſcended ſo low as to write, and ſtill ſo much lower as to print, Riddles, he is excellent even in that kind of verſification: the lines

are ſmoother, the expreſſions are neater, and the thought is cloſer purſued, than in any other riddle-writer whatever. But Swift compoſing riddles is Titian painting draught-boards, which muſt have been inexcuſable while there remained a ſignpoſt-painter in the world.

As to the two Latin poems, An Epiſtle to Dr. Sheridan, and, A Deſcription of the Rocks of Carbery in Ireland, the Dean was extremely ſolicitous that they ſhould be printed among his works; and, what is no leſs true than amazing, he aſſumed to himſelf more vanity upon theſe two Latin poems than upon many of his beſt Engliſh performances. It is ſaid that Milton, in his own judgment, preferred the Paradiſe Regain'd to the Paradiſe Loſt. There poſſibly might be found ſome excuſe for ſuch a preference, but in Swift's caſe there can be none. He underſtood the Latin language perfectly well, and he read it conſtantly, but he was no Latin poet. And if the *Carberiæ Rupes*, and the *Epiſtola ad Thomam Sheridan* had been the produce of any other author, they muſt have undergone a ſevere cenſure from Dr. Swift.

The two poems entitled, The Life and genuine Character of Dr. Swift, and Verſes on the Death of Dr. Swift, *&c.* are poems of great wit and humour. The firſt was artfully publiſhed by Dr. Swift, in a manner ſo different from thoſe rules of poetry to which he confined himſelf, that he hoped the public might

miſtake it for a ſpurious or incorrect copy, ſtolen by memory from his original poem. He took great pleaſure in this ſuppoſition, and I believe it anſwered his expectation. One of his ſtricteſt rules in poetry was to avoid triplets What can have given riſe to ſo nice a peculiarity is difficult to determine: it might be owing only to a ſingular turn of thinking: but the reaſon which he publicly aſſigned ſeemed not ſo much againſt the practice itſelf, as againſt the poets who indulged themſelves in that manner of writing: "A "cuſtom," according to the Dean's opinion, "intro-"duced by lazineſs, continued by ignorance, and eſta-"bliſhed by falſe taſte." With deference to ſo great a critic, it is a cuſtom that has frequently been purſued with remarkable ſucceſs. Mr. Dryden abounds in triplets, and, in ſome of his moſt elegant poems, the third concluding verſe forms the fineſt climax in the whole piece. Mr. Waller, the father of all flowing poetry, has generally reſerved the niceſt point of wit to his triplicate line. And, upon an impartial inquiry, it is almoſt to be queſtioned whether, in many inſtances, this deſpicable triplet may not add a greater beauty to a poetical compoſition than any other circumſtance. To be confined, on any terms, by the links of rhyme, is of great diſadvantage to our Engliſh poetry. The fineſt poem that we can boaſt, and which we equalize, and perhaps would willingly prefer to the Iliad, is void of thoſe fetters: but when

it is our destiny to wear chains, surely we may be allowed to make them as light and easy as we can.

The Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift is a most pointed piece of sarcasm: not any of the Dean's Poems have more wit, nor are any of them more severe: in it he has summoned together his whole powers of satire and poetry: it is a parting blow; the legacy of Anger and Disappointment: but as the two last lines are grammatically incorrect, and as they were not inserted in the first edition published at London, I cannot tell how they have crept into a poem that is otherwise as exactly polished as any of Swift's nicest compositions. *Orrery.*

The merits of Dr. Swift in the character of a Poet are considerably great. His descriptions, wherein there constantly appear the distinguishing marks of his own peculiar talents, are extremely just and lively; many of his groups are not to be excelled by any painter's imagination; his rhymes and his numbers are chaste and delicate; and in places, when rather by accident than choice, he rises from the earth, and soars into the regions of poetry, he is equal to the finest masters among the Greeks and Romans: his ideas are lofty, and his versification musically sonorous; and yet, after all, he is not to be considered in the light of a professed poet; the multitude of his writings on various subjects, both in verse and prose, being an evi-

dent demonſtration that he was ſuperior to any particular courſe of learning. He was born to be the encourager of virtue, and the terror of the wicked. He never ſat muſing in his elbow-chair upon new ſubjects for the exerciſe of his genius, and the advancement of his fame, but writ occaſionally to pleaſe and to reform the world, as either politics or humour gave the ſpur to his faculties. There are but few of his Poems that ſeem to have been the labour of more than one day, how greatly ſoever they might have been corrected and poliſhed afterwards to his own liking, before he tranſcribed them fair.

There indiſputably runs a vein of ſatire throughout all his writings; but as he declares that no age could have more deſerved it than that particular age wherein he was deſtined to live, he is entitled to all the praiſe we can beſtow upon him for exerting his whole abilities in the defence of honour, virtue, and his country. In his general ſatire, where perhaps thouſands were equally meant, he hath never once through malice inſerted the name of any one perſon; the vice nevertheleſs he expoſeth to contempt and ridicule; but in particular ſatire, when egregious monſters, traitors to the weal-public, and ſlaves to party, are the objects of his reſentment, he laſhes without mercy; well knowing that infamy, which is perhaps a taſte of hell, is the only puniſhment which in this world can be inflicted upon ſuch rebels to ſociety as

either by craft or corruption bid defiance to the laws.

One of the most distinguishing characteristics of Dr. Swift was a bright and clear genius, so extremely piercing, that every the most striking circumstance, arising from any subject whatever, quickly occurred to his imagination, and these he frequently so accumulated one upon another, that perhaps, beyond all other poets of all ages and countries, he deserves in this particular to be the most universally admired. And this choice of circumstances, if any stress can be laid on the opinion of Longinus, that great director of our taste and judgment, renders a composition truly noble and sublime. The most remarkable pieces of this sort are, The Furniture of a Woman's Mind, Betty the Grizette, The Journal of a Modern Lady, his Poem on reading Dr. Young's Satires, Mordanto, The Description of a City-Shower, The Description of Quilca, The Description of the Morning, and The Place of the Damned. This power of the mind gave him also that desperate hand, as Pope terms it, in taking off all sorts of characters. To omit those of a political nature, see The Progress of Poetry, The Second Part of Traulus, The Progress of Love, The Character of Corinna, and, The Beautiful young Nymph just going to Bed; where you will find that his imagination could even dream in the character of an old battered strumpet. And from the same inexhaustible

fund of wit he acquired the historic arts both of designing and colouring, either in groups or in single portraits. How exact, how lively and spirited, is that group of figures in The Journal of a Modern Lady! The passage begins thus,

> But let me now a while survey, &c.

and ends,

> Flew hov'ring o'er each female head.

And for a single portrait, if we consider the design, the attitude, the drapery, or the colouring, what is it that can excel the representation of Cassinus in The Tragical Elegy!

> He seem'd as just crept out of bed, &c.

and ending thus,

> On embers plac'd to drink it hot.

Throughout all his poetical writings, although many of them be dedicated immediately to the fair sex, there cannot be found, to the best of my recollection, one single distich addressed in the character of a lover to any one person. If he writ any poems of that sort in his younger days, they must have been destroyed, if they be not concealed. Those verses upon women, which are deemed the most satirical, were written principally with a view to correct their foibles, to improve their taste, and to make them as agreeable companions at threescore as at the age of five-and-twenty. By what I can hear, the most exceptionable

of his Poems in that way have produced ſome very extraordinary effects in the polite world. This was in truth the ultimate deſign of his writing The Lady's Dreſſing-room, and other pieces which are acknowledged to be ſomewhat liable to cenſure on account of their indelicacy.

Among the admirers of Dr. Swift, many have compared him to Horace, making proper allowances for the reſpective ages in which they ſeverally flouriſhed. The reſemblance, however, between them is not ſo exceedingly ſtrong as that a ſimilitude and manner of writing could have excited the leaſt degree of emulation between them, further than to be equally renowned for their peculiar excellencies. Each of them had, independent of what is generally called a fine taſte, a thorough knowledge of the world, ſuperadded to an abundance of learning. Both the one and the other of theſe great men held the numerous tribe of Poets, as well as that motley generation of men called Critics, in the utmoſt contempt; and at the ſame time have manifeſted themſelves to be incomparable judges of all that is truly excellent, whether in books or men. Neither of them had the leaſt regard for the Stoics; and whatever may be ſaid of their being of the Epicurean taſte, which, if rightly underſtood, is far from being inconſiſtent with the higheſt virtue, neither of them was attached to any particular ſyſtem of philoſophy. Homer was the dar-

ling author both of Horace and Swift. Horace declares, in his Epiſtle to Lollius, that Homer had abundantly more good ſenſe and wiſdom than all the philoſophers; and Swift's opinion was, that Homer had more genius than all the reſt of the world put together. Yet neither the one nor the other of them have attempted to imitate his manner, but, like heroes of a bold and true ſpirit, have induſtriouſly followed the bent of nature, and ſtruck out originals of their own. But however ſtrong may be ſuppoſed the reſemblance between Horace and Swift, they were in fact, upon the whole, quite different men: their tempers, their complexions, and their fortunes, were totally unlike. Each of them had in many reſpects greatly the advantage of the other.

Poetry was in Horace the buſineſs of his life; every deſire, every comfort, and every paſſion, of his mind, were centred in the Muſes: he followed the example of the Greek poets *præter laudem nullius avarus.* Poetry in Swift was only an appendage to his character; he wore it as an emblem of wit and ſpirit, which gave him an air of grandeur in the republic of letters. Horace, by diverting his thoughts from all ſublunary affairs, and perpetually ranging about from flower to flower, among the gardens, and groves, and wilderneſſes, of the Greeks, with infinite labour extracted, like an induſtrious bee, the quinteſſence of their ſweets; and by frequently experimenting all the

changes of harmony, is deservedly the joy and admiration of the poetical world for the music of his lines and the variety of his numbers. His addresses to the Emperor, to Agrippa, to Pollio, and his panegyric on Drusus, are prodigiously sublime; but his Hymns to the Muses, to Mercury, to Pan, to Apollo and Diana, to Venus, to his Lyre, and to Bacchus, are absolutely raptures of poetry, even the divine spirit of that *amabilis insania*, "that delightful madness," which is only to be felt, impossible to be described. His verses, nevertheless, are but few in number, the whole of his works, at a random computation, amounting only to about 7000 lines, whereof not above one half are of that species of poetry on which he desired to fix all his pretensions to fame; and it was upon these only that he bestowed the greater part of his life. Swift, on the contrary, from the age of one-and-twenty, was deeply immersed in politics during his whole life; sometimes fighting the battles of church and state against a virulent, opposing faction, which threatened to undermine the constitution; sometimes resisting the torrent of ecclesiastical, and frequently the torrent of ministerial, power, whenever the rights of the clergy, or the liberties of his country, were occasionally invaded; and generally fighting with beasts of one species or other, like a fierce and bold champion, resolutely bent on either death or victory: yet still he could find opportunities, by snatching hours of

leisure, to write poetry for his amusement. He had read many of the Greek and Latin poets, relished and admired what was agreeable to his own taste, but never devoted either his thoughts or his time to Apollo and the Muses. Throughout his whole Works there is no such thing as an ode to Calliope, to Mercury, to Venus, to Apollo and Diana, to his Lyre, to Bacchus, or to Pan; nothing which was ever intended as a rapture of poetry. Is it not then somewhat very amazing, if we consider him in this fair and true light, that he should produce, by the mere force of taste and abilities, without any laboured correction at all, such wonders in the poetic strain, as to make any the most partial of his admirers not only prefer him to all the poets of these latter centuries, but compare him to that immortal genius of the Augustan age, whose whole delight, speculation, and amusement, whether in bed or in the fields, was in meditating, writing, polishing, or correcting, his verses? *Swift.*

DR. PARNELL TO DR. SWIFT,

ON HIS BIRTHDAY, NOV 30. 1713.

URG'D by the warmth of friendship's sacred flame,
But more by all the glories of thy fame;
By all those offsprings of thy learned mind,
In judgment solid, as in wit refin'd,

Reſolv'd I ſing, tho' lab'ring up the way
To reach my theme. O Swift! accept my lay.
Rapt by the force of thought, and rais'd above,
Thro' Contemplation's airy fields I rove,
Where pow'rful Fancy purifies my eye,
And lights the beauties of a brighter ſky,
Freſh paints the meadows, bids green ſhades aſcend,
Clear rivers wind, and op'ning plains extend,
Then fills its landſcape thro' the vary'd parts
With Virtues, Graces, Sciences, and Arts;
Superior forms, of more than mortal air,
More large than mortals, more ſerenely fair.
Of theſe two Chiefs, the guardians of thy name,
Conſpire to raiſe thee to the point of fame.
Ye future Times! I heard the ſilver ſound,
I ſaw the Graces form a circle round;
Each where ſhe fix'd attentive ſeem'd to root,
And all but Eloquence herſelf was mute.
High o'er the reſt I ſee the goddeſs riſe,
Looſe to the breeze her upper garment flies:
By turns within her eyes the paſſions burn,
And ſofter paſſions languiſh in their turn:
Upon her tongue perſuaſion or command,
And decent Action dwells upon her hand.
From out her breaſt ('twas there the treaſure lay)
She drew thy Labours to the blaze of day;
Then gaz'd, and read the charms ſhe could inſpire,
And taught the liſt'ning audience to admire.

How ſtrong thy flight, how large thy graſp of thought,
How juſt thy ſchemes, how regularly wrought!
How ſure you wound when Ironies deride,
Which muſt be ſeen, and feign to turn aſide!
'Twas thus exploring ſhe rejoic'd to ſee
Her brighteſt features drawn ſo near by thee:
Then here, ſhe cries, let future ages dwell,
And learn to copy where they can't excel.
  She ſpake; applauſe attended on the cloſe:
Then Poeſy, her ſiſter-art, aroſe;
Her fairer ſiſter, born in deeper eaſe,
Not made ſo much for bus'neſs, more to pleaſe.
Upon her cheek ſits Beauty, ever young;
The ſoul of Muſic warbles on her tongue;
Bright in her eyes a pleaſing ardour glows,
And from her heart the ſweeteſt temper flows;
A laurel-wreath adorns her curls of hair,
And binds their order to the dancing air:
She ſhakes the colours of her radiant wing,
And from the ſpheres ſhe takes a pitch to ſing.
  Thrice happy genius his! whoſe Works have hit
The lucky point of bus'neſs and of wit:
They ſeem like ſhow'rs, which April months prepare,
To call their flow'ry glories up to air;
The drops, deſcending, take the painted bow,
And dreſs with ſunſhine, while for good they flow:
To me retiring oft', he finds relief
In ſlowly-waſting care and biting grief:

From me retreating oft', he gives to view
What eaſes care and grief in others too.
Ye fondly grave! be wiſe enough to know,
"Life ne'er unbent were but a life of woe."
Some full in ſtretch for greatneſs, ſome for gain,
On his own rack each puts himſelf to pain.
I'll gently ſteal you from your toils away,
Where balmy winds with ſcents ambroſial play;
Where on the banks, as cryſtal rivers flow,
They teach immortal amaranths to grow;
Then from the mild indulgence of the ſcene
Reſtore your tempers ſtrong for toils again,
She ceas'd; ſoft muſic trembled in the wind,
And ſweet delight diffus'd thro' ev'ry mind:
The little Smiles, which ſtill the goddeſs grace,
Sportive aroſe, and ran from face to face.
But chief (and in that place the Virtues bleſs)
A gentle band their eager joys expreſs:
Here Friendſhip aſks, and Love of Merit longs
To hear the goddeſſes renew their ſongs;
Here great Benevolence to man is pleas'd;
Theſe own their Swift, and grateful hear him prais'd.
You gentle band! you well may bear your part,
You reign ſuperior graces in his heart.
O Swift! if fame be life (as well we know
That bards and heroes have eſteem'd it ſo)
Thou canſt not wholly die thy Works will ſhine
To future times, and life in fame be thine.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

FROM 1689 TO 1713.

ODE TO THE HON.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

Written at Moorpark, June 1689.

I.

Virtue, the greateſt of all monarchies,
Till its firſt emperor, rebellious man,
Depos'd from off his ſeat
It fell, and broke with its own weight
Into ſmall ſtates and principalities,
By many a petty lord poſſeſt,
But ne'er ſince ſeated in one ſingle breaſt;
'Tis you who muſt this land ſubdue,
The mighty conqueſt's left for you,
The conqueſt and diſcovery too:
Search out this Utopian ground;
Virtue's *Terra Incognita*,
Where none ever led the way,
Nor ever ſince but in deſcriptions found,
Like the philoſopher's ſtone,
With rules to ſearch it, yet obtain'd by none.

II.

We have too long been led aſtray;
Too long have our miſguided ſouls been taught
With rules from muſty morals brought;
'Tis you muſt put us in the way;

Let us (for ſhame!) no more be fed
With antique relics of the dead,
The gleanings of philoſophy;
Philoſophy! the lumber of the ſchools,
The roguery of alchymy;
And we the bubbled fools
Spend all our preſent ſtock in hopes of golden rules.

III.

But what does our proud ign'rance learning call?
We oddly Plato's paradox make good;
Our knowledge is but mere remembrance all;
Remembrance is our treaſure and our food.
Nature's fair table-book, our tender ſouls,
We ſcrawl all o'er with old and empty rules,
Stale memorandums of the ſchools;
For Learning's mighty treaſures look
In that deep grave a book,
Think ſhe there does all her treaſures hide,
And that her troubled ghoſt ſtill haunts there ſince ſhe [dy'd;
Confine her walks to colleges and ſchools;
Her prieſts her train and followers ſhow,
As if they all were ſpectres too;
They purchaſe knowledge at the expenſe
Of common breeding, common ſenſe,
And at once grow ſcholars and fools;
Affect ill-manner'd pedantry,
Rudeneſs, ill-nature, incivility,
And, ſick with dregs of knowledge grown,
Which greedily they ſwallow down,
Still caſt it up and nauſeate company.

IV.

Curs'd be the wretch! nay, doubly curs'd,
(If it may lawful be
To curſe our great enemy)
Who learn'd himſelf that hereſy firſt,
(Which ſince has ſeiz'd on all the reſt)
That knowledge forfeits all humanity;
Taught us, like Spaniards, to be proud and poor,
And fling our ſcraps before our door.
Thrice happy you have 'ſcap'd this gen'ral peſt!
Thoſe mighty epithets, Learned, Good, and Great,
Which we ne'er join'd before, but in romances meet,
We find in you at laſt united grown.
You cannot be compar'd to one;
I muſt, like him that painted Venus' face,
Borrow from every one a grace:
Virgil and Epicurus will not do,
Their courting a retreat like you,
Unleſs I put in Cæſar's learning too:
Your happy frame at once controls
This great triumvirate of ſouls.

V.

Let not old Rome boaſt Fabius' fate;
He ſav'd his country by delays,
But you by peace:
You bought it at a cheaper rate;
Nor has it left the uſual bloody ſcar,
Tô ſhew it coſt its price in war;

War! that mad game the world ſo loves to play,
And for it does ſo dearly pay;
For tho' with loſs or victory a while
Fortune the gameſters does beguile,
Yet at the laſt the box ſweeps all away.

VI.

Only the laurel got by peace
No thunder e'er can blaſt:
Th' artillery of the ſkies
Shoots to the earth and dies;
Nor ever green and flouriſhing 'twill laſt,
Nor dipt in blood, nor widows' tears, nor orphans' [cries:
About the head crown'd with theſe bays
Like lambent fire the lightning plays;
Nor, its triumphal cavalcade to grace,
Make up its ſolemn train with death;
It melts the ſword of war, yet keeps it in the ſheath.

VII.

The wily ſhifts of ſtate, thoſe jugglers' tricks
Which we call deep deſign and politics,
(As in a theatre the ignorant fry,
Becauſe the cords eſcape their eye,
Wonder to ſee the motions fly)
Methinks, when you expoſe the ſcene,
Down the ill-organ'd engines fall;
Off fly the vizors and diſcover all.
How plain I ſee thro' the deceit!
How ſhallow! and how groſs the cheat!
Look where the pully's ty'd above!

Great God! (ſaid I) what have I ſeen!
On what poor engines move
The thoughts of monarchs and deſigns of ſtates!
What pretty motives rule their fates!
How the mouſe makes the mighty mountain ſhake
The mighty mountain labours with its birth;
Away the frighted peaſants fly,
Scar'd at th' unheard-of prodigy,
Expect ſome great gigantic ſon of earth:
Lo it appears!
See how they tremble! how they quake!
Out ſtarts the little beaſt, and mocks their idle fears.

VIII.

Then tell (dear fav'rite Muſe!)
What ſerpent's that which ſtill reſorts,
Still lurks in palaces and courts?
Take thy unwonted flight,
And on the terrace light.
See where ſhe lies!
See how ſhe rears her head,
And rolls about her dreadful eyes,
To drive all virtue out, or look it dead!
'Twas ſure this baſiliſk ſent Temple thence;
And tho' as ſome ('tis ſaid) for their defence
Have worn a caſement o'er their ſkin,
So he wore his within,
Made up of virtue and tranſparent innocence;
And tho' he oft' renew'd the fight,
And almoſt got priority of ſight,

He ne'er could overcome her quite;
In pieces cut, the viper ſtill did reunite;
Till at laſt, tir'd with loſs of time and eaſe,
Reſolv'd to give himſelf as well as country peace.

IX.

Sing (beloved Muſe!) the pleaſures of retreat,
And in ſome untouch'd virgin-ſtrain
Shew the delights thy ſiſter Nature yields;
Sing of thy vales, ſing of thy woods, ſing of thy fields;
Go publiſh o'er the plain
How mighty a proſelyte you gain!
How noble a repriſal on the great!
How is the Muſe luxuriant grown!
Whene'er ſhe takes this flight
She ſoars clear out of ſight;
Theſe are the Paradiſes of her own;
(The Pegaſus, like an unruly horſe,
Tho' ne'er ſo gently led
To the lov'd paſture where he us'd to feed,
Runs violently o'er his uſual courſe.)
Wake from thy wanton dreams,
Come from thy dear lov'd ſtreams,
The crooked paths of wand'ring Thames.
Fain the fair nymph would ſtay,
Oft' ſhe looks back in vain,
Oft' 'gainſt her fountain does complain,
And ſoftly ſteals in many windings down,
As loath to ſee the hated court and town,
And murmurs as ſhe glides away.

X.

In this new happy ſcene
Are nobler ſubjects for your learned pen:
Here we expect from you
More than your predeceſſor Adam knew;
Whatever moves our wonder or our ſport,
Whatever ſerves for innocent emblems of the court;
How that which we a kernel ſee,
(Whoſe well-compacted forms eſcape the light,
Unpierc'd by the blunt rays of ſight)
Shall ere long grow into a tree,
Whence takes it its increaſe, and whence its birth,
Or from the ſun, or from the air, or from the earth?
Where all the fruitful atoms lie;
How ſome go downward to the root,
Some more ambitiouſly upwards fly,
And form the leaves, the branches, and the fruit.
You ſtrove to cultivate a barren court in vain,
Your garden's better worth your noble pain;
Here mankind fell, and hence muſt riſe again.

XI.

Shall I believe a ſpirit ſo divine
Was caſt in the ſame mould with mine?
Why then does Nature ſo unjuſtly ſhare
Among her elder ſons the whole eſtate,
And all her jewels and her plate?
Poor we, cadets of Heav'n, not worth her care,
Take up at beſt with lumber, and the leavings of a [fate.
Some ſhe binds 'prentice to the ſpade,

Some to the drudgery of a trade;
Some ſhe does to Egyptian bondage draw,
Bids us make bricks, yet ſends us to look out for ſtraw:
Some ſhe condemns for life to try
To dig the leaden mines of deep philoſophy:
Me ſhe has to the Muſe's galleys ty'd;
In vain I ſtrive to croſs this ſpacious main,
In vain I tug and pull the oar,
And when I almoſt reach the ſhore,
Straight the Muſe turns the helm, and I launch out again:
And yet, to feed my pride,
Whene'er I mourn, ſtops my complaining breath
With promiſe of a mad reverſion after death.

XII.

Then, Sir, accept this worthleſs Verſe,
The tribute of an humble Muſe,
'Tis all the portion of my niggard ſtars.
Nature the hidden ſpark did at my birth infuſe,
And kindled firſt with indolence and eaſe,
And ſince, too oft' debauch'd by praiſe,
'Tis now grown an incurable diſeaſe.
In vain to quench this fooliſh fire I try
In wiſdom and philoſophy;
In vain all wholeſome herbs I ſow,
Where nought but weeds will grow.
Whate'er I plant (like corn on barren earth)
By an equivocal birth
Seeds, and runs up to poetry.

TO THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN, *Moorpark, Feb. 14. 1691.*

SINCE *every body pretends to trouble you with their follies, I thought I might claim the privilege of an Englishman, and put in my share among the rest. Being last year in Ireland, (from whence I returned about half a year ago) I heard only a loose talk of your Society, and believed the design to be only some new folly just suitable to the age, which, God knows, I little expected ever to produce any thing extraordinary. Since my being in England, having still continued in the country, and much out of company, I had but little advantage of knowing any more, till about two months ago passing through Oxford, a very learned gentleman there first shewed me two or three of your volumes, and gave me his account and opinion of you. A while after I came to this place upon a visit to ——, where I have been ever since, and have seen all the four volumes, with their Supplements, which answering my expectation, the perusal has produced what you find inclosed.*

As I have been somewhat inclined to this folly, so I have seldom wanted some body to flatter me in it. And for the Ode inclosed, I have sent it to a person of very great learning and honour, and since to some others, the best of my acquaintance, (to which I thought very proper to enure it for a greater light) and they have all been pleased to tell me that they are sure it will not be unwelcome, and that I should beg the honour of you to let it be printed before your

next volume, (which, I think, is soon to be published) it being so usual before most books of any great value among poets; and before its seeing the world I submit it wholly to the correction of your pens.

I entreat therefore one of you would descend so far as to write two or three lines to me of your pleasure upon it; which, as I cannot but expect from gentlemen who have so well shewn upon so many occasions that greatest character of scholars, in being favourable to the ignorant, so I am sure nothing at present can more highly oblige me, or make me happier. I am,

Gentlemen,

Your ever most humble

and most admiring servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

ODE TO THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY.

Moorpark, *Feb.* 14. 1691.

I.

As when the deluge firſt began to fall,
That mighty ebb never to flow again,
(When this huge body's moiſture was ſo great,
It quite o'ercame the vital heat)
That mountain which was higheſt firſt of all
Appear'd above the univerſal main,
To bleſs the primitive ſailors' weary ſight,
And 'twas perhaps Parnaſſus, if in height
It be as great as 'tis in fame,
And nigh to heav'n as is its name:
So after the inundation of a war,
When Learning's little houſehold did embark
With her world's fruitful ſyſtem in her ſacred ark,
At the firſt ebb of noiſe and fears
Philoſophy's exalted head appears,
And the dove-muſe will now no longer ſtay,
But plumes her ſilver wings and flies away;
And now a laurel wreath ſhe brings from far,
To crown the happy conqueror,
To ſhew the flood begins to ceaſe,
And brings the dear reward of victory and peace.

II.

The eager Muſe took wing upon the waves' decline,
When War her cloudy aſpect juſt withdrew,
When the bright ſun of peace began to ſhine,

And for a while in heav'nly contemplation ſat
On the high top of peaceful Ararat,
And pluck'd a laurel branch, (for laurel was the firſt that grew,
The firſt of plants after the thunder, ſtorm, and rain)
And thence with joyful nimble wing
Flew dutifully back again,
And made an humble chaplet for the king.
And the dove-muſe is fled once more,
(Glad of the victory, yet frighted at the war)
And now diſcovers from afar
A peaceful and a flouriſhing ſhore.
No ſooner did ſhe land
On the delightful ſtrand,
Than ſtraight ſhe ſees the country all around,
Where fatal Neptune rul'd erewhile,
Scatter'd with flow'ry vales, with fruitful gardens crown'd,
And many a pleaſant wood,
As if the univerſal Nile
Had rather water'd it than drown'd.
It ſeems ſome floting piece of Paradiſe,
Preſerv'd by wonder from the flood,
Long wand'ring thro' the deep, as we are told
Fam'd Delos did of old,
And the tranſported Muſe imagin'd it
To be a fitter birthplace for the god of Wit,
Or the much talk'd-of oracular grove;
When with amazing joy ſhe hears
An unknown muſic all around,

Charming her greedy ears
With many a heav'nly ſong
Of nature and of art, of deep philoſophy and love,
Whilſt angels tune the voice, and God inſpires the
In vain ſhe catches at the empty ſound, [tongue.
In vain purſues the muſic with her longing eye,
And courts the wanton Echoes as they fly.

III.

Pardon, ye great unknown and far exalted Men !
The wild excurſions of a youthful pen ;
Forgive a young and (almoſt) virgin Muſe,
Whom blind and eager curioſity
(Yet curioſity, they ſay,
Is in her ſex a crime needs no excuſe)
Has forc'd to grope her uncouth way
After a mighty light that leads her wand'ring eye :
No wonder then ſhe quits the narrow path of ſenſe
For a dear ramble thro' impertinence ;
Impertinence ! the ſcurvy of mankind :
And all we fools, who are the greater part of it,
Tho' we be of two diff'rent factions ſtill,
Both the good-natur'd and the ill,
Yet whereſoe'er you look, you'll always find
We join like flies and waſps in buzzing about wit.
In me, who am of the firſt ſect of theſe,
All merit that tranſcends the humble rules
Of my own dazzled ſcanty ſenſe
Begets a kinder folly and impertinence

Of admiration and of praiſe;
And our good brethren of the ſurly ſect
Muſt e'en all herd with us their kindred-fools;
For tho', poſſeſs'd of preſent vogue, they've made
Railing a rule of wit, and obloquy a trade,
Yet the ſame want of brains produces each effect:
And you, whom Pluto's helm does wiſely ſhroud,
From us the blind and thoughtleſs crowd,
Like the fam'd hero in his mother's cloud,
Who both our follies and impertinencies ſee,
Do laugh perhaps at theirs, and pity mine and me.

IV.

But cenſure's to be underſtood
Th' authentic mark of the elect,
The public ſtamp Heav'n ſets on all that's great and
Our ſhallow ſearch and judgment to direct. [good,
The war, methinks, has made
Our wit and learning narrow as our trade:
Inſtead of boldly ſailing far to buy
A ſtock of wiſdom and philoſophy,
We fondly ſtay at home in fear
Of every cenſuring privateer,
Forcing a wretched trade by beating down the ſale,
And ſelling baſely by retail.
The wits, I mean the Atheiſts of the age,
Who fain would rule the pulpit as they do the ſtage,
Wondrous refiners of philoſophy,
Of morals and divinity!

By the new modish system of reducing all to sense,
Against all logic and concluding laws,
Do own th' effects of Providence,
And yet deny the cause.

V.

This hopeful sect, now it begins to see
How little, very little, do prevail
Their first and chiefest force,
To censure, to cry down, and rail,
Not knowing what, or where, or who, you be,
Will quickly take another course,
And by their never-failing ways
Of solving all appearances they please,
We soon shall see them to their ancient methods fall,
And straight deny you to be men, or any thing at all.
I laugh at the grave answer they will make,
Which they have always ready, general, and cheap;
'Tis but to say that we daily meet,
And by a fond mistake
Perhaps imagine to be wondrous wit,
And think, alas! to be by mortals writ,
Is but a crowd of atoms jostling in a heap,
Which from eternal seeds begun,
Jostling some thousand years, till ripen'd by the sun;
They're now, just now, as naturally born
As from the womb of earth a field of corn.

VI.

But as for poor contented me,
Who must my weakness and my ignorance confess,

That I believe in much I ne'er can hope to ſee,
Methinks I'm ſatiſfy'd to gueſs
That this new, noble, and delightful ſcene,
Is wonderfully mov'd by ſome exalted men,
Who have well ſtudied in the world's diſeaſe,
(That epidemic error and depravity
Or in our judgment or our eye)
That what ſurpriſes us can only pleaſe.
We often ſearch, contentedly, the whole world round
To make ſome great diſcovery,
And ſcorn it when 'tis found.
Juſt ſo the mighty Nile has ſuffer'd in its fame,
Becauſe 'tis ſaid (and perhaps only ſaid)
We've found a little inconſiderable head
That feeds the huge unequal ſtream.
Conſider human folly, and you'll quickly own
That all the praiſes it can give,
By which ſome fondly boaſt they ſhall for ever live,
Won't pay th' impertinence of being known;
Elſe why ſhould the fam'd Lydian king,
Whom all the charms of an uſurped wife and ſtate,
With all that power unfelt courts mankind to be great,
Did with new unexperienc'd glories wait,
Still wear, ſtill dote, on his inviſible ring?

VII.

Were I to form a regular thought of Fame,
Which is perhaps as hard t' imagine right
As to paint Echo to the ſight,

I would not draw th' idea from an empty name;
Becaufe, alas! when we all die,
Carelefs and ignorant pofterity,
Altho' they praife the learning and the wit,
And tho' the title feems to fhow
The name and man by whom the book was writ,
Yet how fhall they be brought to know
Whether that very name was he, or you, or I?
Lefs fhould I daub it o'er with tranfitory praife,
And water-colours of thefe days;
Thefe days! where e'en th' extravagance of poetry,
Is at a lofs for figures to exprefs
Men's folly, whimfies, and inconftancy,
And by a faint defcription makes them lefs.
Then tell us what is fame, where fhall we fearch for it?
Look where exalted Virtue and Religion fit
Inthron'd with heav'nly wit;
Look where you fee
The greateft fcorn of learned vanity,
(And then how much a nothing is mankind!
Whofe reafon is weigh'd down by popular air,
Who by that vainly talks of baffling death,
And hopes to lengthen life by a transfufion of breath,
Which yet whoe'er examines right will find
To be an art as vain as bottling up of wind)
And when you find out thefe, believe true fame is there,
Far above all reward, yet to which all is due;
And this, ye great unknown! is only known in you.

VIII.

The juggling ſea-god, when by chance trepann'd
By ſome inſtructed queriſt ſleeping on the ſand,
Impatient of all anſwers, ſtraight became
A ſtealing brook, and ſtrove to creep away
Into his native ſea,
Vex'd at their follies, murmur'd in his ſtream;
But diſappointed of his fond deſire,
Would vaniſh in a pyramid of fire.
This ſurly, ſlipp'ry god, when he deſign'd
To furniſh his eſcapes,
Ne'er borrow'd more variety of ſhapes
Than you to pleaſe and ſatisfy mankind,
And ſeem (almoſt) transform'd to water, flame, and
So well you anſwer'd all phenomenas there: [air,
Tho' madmen and the wits, philoſophers and fools,
With all that factious or enthuſiaſtic dotards dream,
And all the incoherent jargon of the ſchools;
Tho' all the fumes of fear, hope, love, and ſhame,
Contrive to ſhock your minds with many a ſenſeleſs
doubt;
Doubts where the Delphic god would grope in igno-
The god of learning and of light [rance and night,
Would want a god himſelf to help him out.

IX.

Philoſophy, as it before us lies,
Seems to have borrowed ſome ungrateful taſte
Of doubts, impertinence, and niceties,

From ev'ry age thro' which it paſt,
But always with a ſtronger reliſh of the laſt.
This beauteous queen, by Heav'n deſign'd
To be the great original
For man to dreſs and poliſh his uncourtly mind,
In what mock habits have they put her ſince the fall!
More oft' in fools' and madmen's hands than ſages,
She ſeems a medley of all ages,
With a huge farthingale to ſwell her fuſtian ſtuff,
A new commode, a top-knot, and a ruff,
Her face patch'd o'er with modern pedantry,
With a long ſweeping train
Of comments and diſputes, ridiculous and vain,
All of old cut with a new dye:
How ſoon have you reſtor'd her charms,
And rid her of her lumber and her books!
Dreſs'd her again genteel and neat,
And rather tight than great!
How fond we are to court her to our arms!
How much of Heav'n is in her naked looks!

X.

Thus the deluding Muſe oft' blinds me to her ways,
And ev'n my very thoughts transfers,
And changes all to beauty and the praiſe
Of that proud tyrant ſex of her's.
The rebel-muſe, alas! takes part
But with my own rebellious heart,
And you with fatal and immortal wit conſpire
To fan th' unhappy fire.

Cruel unknown! what is it you intend?
Ah! could you could you hope a poet for your friend!
Rather forgive what my firſt tranſport ſaid;
May all the blood which ſhall by woman's ſcorn
be ſhed
Lie upon you, and on your children's head;
For you, (ah! did I think I e'er ſhould live to ſee
The fatal time when that cou'd be!)
Have e'en increas'd their pride and cruelty.
Woman ſeems now above all vanity grown,
Still boaſting of her great unknown
Platonic champions, gain'd without one female wile,
Or the vaſt charges of a ſmile;
Which 'tis a ſhame to ſee how much of late
You've taught the cov'tous wretches to o'er-rate,
And which they've now the conſcience to weigh
In the ſame balance with our tears,
And with ſuch ſcanty wages pay
The bondage and the ſlavery of years.
Let the vain ſex dream on, their empire comes from us,
And had they common generoſity
They would not uſe us thus.
Well—tho' you've rais'd her to this high degree,
Ourſelves are rais'd as well as ſhe;
And, ſpite of all that they or you can do,
'Tis pride and happineſs enough to me
Still to be of the ſame exalted ſex with you.

XI.

Alas! how fleeting and how vain
Is even the nobler man, our learning, and our wit!
I ſigh whene'er I think of it;
As at the cloſing an unhappy ſcene
Of ſome great king and conqu'ror's death,
When the ſad melancholy Muſe
Stays but to catch his utmoſt breath:
I grieve this noble work, ſo happily begun,
So quickly and ſo wonderfully carry'd on,
Muſt fall at laſt to intereſt, folly, and abuſe.
There is a noon-tide in our lives,
Which ſtill the ſooner it arrives,
Altho' we boaſt our winter-ſun looks bright,
And fooliſhly are glad to ſee it at its height,
Yet ſo much ſooner comes the long and gloomy night.
No conqueſt ever yet begun,
And by one mighty hero carried to its height,
E'er flouriſh'd under a ſucceſſor or a ſon;
It loſt ſome mighty pieces thro' all hands it paſt,
And vaniſh'd to an empty title in the laſt:
For when the animating mind is fled,
(Which Nature never can retain,
Nor e'er call back again)
The body, tho' gigantic, lies all cold and dead.

XII.

And thus undoubtedly 'twill fare
With what unhappy men ſhall dare

To be ſucceſſors to theſe great unknown
On Learning's high-eſtabliſh'd throne.
Cenſure, and Pedantry, and Pride,
Numberleſs nations, ſtretching far and wide,
Shall (I foreſee it) ſoon with Gothic ſwarms come forth
From Ignorance's univerſal North,
And with blind rage break all this peaceful government;
Yet ſhall theſe traces of your wit remain,
Like a juſt map, to tell the vaſt extent
Of conqueſt in your ſhort and happy reign,
And to all future mankind ſhew
How ſtrange a paradox is true,
That men, who liv'd and dy'd without a name,
Are the chief heroes in the ſacred liſt of Fame.

MRS. HARRIS'S PETITION

To their Excellencies

THE LORDS JUSTICES OF IRELAND.

Written in the year 1701.

The humble petition of Frances Harris,
Who muſt ſtarve, and die a maid, if it miſcarries,

Humbly ſheweth,

THAT I went to warm myſelf in Lady Betty's chamber, becauſe I was cold;
And I had in a purſe ſeven pounds four ſhillings and ſixpence, beſides farthings, in money and gold:

So, becauſe I had been buying things for my Lady laſt night,
I was reſolv'd to tell my money, to ſee if it was right.
Now you muſt know, becauſe my trunk has a very bad lock,
Therefore all the money I have, which, God knows is a very ſmall ſtock,
I keep in my pocket ty'd about my middle, next to my ſmock:
So when I went to put up my purſe, as God would have it, my ſmock was unript,
And, inſtead of putting it into my pocket, down it ſlipt:
Then the bell rung, and I went down to put my Lady to bed;
And, God knows, I thought my money was as ſafe as my maidenhead:
So when I came up again, I found my pocket feel very light;
But when I ſearch'd, and miſs'd my purſe, Lord! I thought I ſhould have ſunk outright.
"Lord! Madam," ſays Mary, "how d'ye do?" "In-" "deed," ſays I, "never worſe;
"But pray, Mary, can you tell what I have done "with my purſe?"
"Lord help me!" ſaid Mary, "I never ſtirr'd out of "this place."
"Nay," ſaid I, "I had it in Lady Betty's chamber, "that's a plain caſe."

So Mary got me to bed, and cover'd me up warm;
However, ſhe ſtole away my garters, that I might do myſelf no harm:
So I tumbled and toſs'd all night, as you may very well think,
But hardly ever ſet my eyes together, or ſlept a wink.
So I was a-dream'd, methought, that we went and ſearch'd the folks round,
And in a corner of Mrs. Duke's box, ty'd in a rag, the money was found.
So next morning we told Whittle, and he fell a ſwearing;
Then my Dame Wadgar came, and ſhe, you know, is thick of hearing:
"Dame," ſaid I, as loud as I could bawl, "do you "know what a loſs I have had?"
"Nay," ſaid ſhe, "my Lord Colway's folks are all "very ſad;
"For my Lord Dromedary comes a Tueſday with- "out fail."
"Pugh!" ſaid I, "but that's not the bus'neſs that "I ail."
Says Cary, ſays he, "I have been a ſervant this five- "and-twenty years come ſpring,
"And in all the places I liv'd I never heard of ſuch "a thing."

"Yes," ſays the ſteward, "I remember, when I was
"at my Lady Shrewſbury's,
"Such a thing as this happen'd juſt about the time
"of gooſeberries:
"So I went to the party ſuſpected, and I found her
"full of grief,
"(Now you muſt know, of all things in the world, I
"hate a thief)
"However, I was reſolved to bring the diſcourſe ſli-
"ly about:
"Mrs. Dukes," ſaid I, "here's an ugly accident has
"happen'd out:
"'Tis not that I value the money three ſkips of a
"a louſe,
"But the thing I ſtand upon is the credit of the
"houſe.
"'Tis true, ſeven pounds four ſhillings and ſixpence
"makes a great hole in my wages;
"Beſides, as they ſay, ſervice is no inheritance in
"in theſe ages.
"Now, Mrs. Dukes, you know, and every body un-
"derſtands,
"That tho' 'tis hard to judge, yet money can't go
"without hands."
"The devil take me," ſaid ſhe, (bleſſing herſelf) "if
"ever I ſaw't:"
So ſhe roar'd like a Bedlam, as tho' I had call'd her
all to naught.

So you know, what could I ſay to her any more?
I e'en left her, and came away as wiſe as I was before.
Well, but then they would have had me gone to the cunning man;
"No," ſaid I, "'tis the ſame thing, the chaplain "will be here anon."
So the chaplain came in. Now the ſervants ſay he is my ſweetheart,
Becauſe he's always in my chamber, and I always take his part;
So, as the devil would have it, before I was aware, out I blunder'd,
"Parſon," ſaid I, "can you caſt a nativity when a "body's plunder'd?
("Now you muſt know he hates to be call'd Parſon "like the devil")
"Truly," ſays he, "Mrs. Nab, it might become you "to be more civil;
"If your money be gone, as a learned divine ſays, "d'ye ſee,
"You are no text for my handling; ſo take that "from me:
"I was never taken for a conjurer before, I'd have "you to know."
"Lord!" ſaid I, "don't be angry, I am ſure I never "thought you ſo:

"You know I honour the cloth; I deſign to be a "parſon's wife;
"I never took one in your coat for a conjurer in all "my life."
With that he twiſted his girdle at me like a rope, as who ſhould ſay,
Now you may go hang yourſelf for me, and ſo went away.
Well; I thought I ſhould have ſwoon'd. "Lord!" ſaid I, "what ſhall I do?
"I have loſt my money, and ſhall loſe my true love "too."
Then my Lord call'd me: "Harry," ſaid my Lord, "don't cry,
"I'll give you ſomething towards thy loſs:" "and," ſays, my Lady, "ſo will I."
"Oh! but," ſaid I, "what if, after all, my chap- "lain won't come to?"
"For that," he ſaid, (an't pleaſe your Excellencies) "I muſt petition you.
"The premiſſes tenderly conſider'd, I deſire your Ex- "cellencies' protection,
"And that I may have a ſhare in next Sunday's col- "lection;
"And, over and above, that I may have your Ex- "cellencies' letter,
"With an order for the chaplain aforeſaid, or, in- "ſtead of him, a better:

"And then your poor petitioner, both night and
"day,
"Or the chaplain, for 'tis his trade, as in duty bound,
"ſhall ever pray."

Verſes written in a

LADY'S IVORY TABLE-BOOK.

Written in the year 1706.

PERUSE my leaves thro' ev'ry part,
And think thou ſeeſt my owner's heart,
Scrawl'd o'er with trifles thus, and quite
As hard, as ſenſeleſs, and as light,
Expos'd to ev'ry coxcomb's eyes,
But hid with caution from the wife.
Here you may read, Dear charming Saint,
Beneath, A new receipt for paint;
Here in beau-ſpelling, Tru tel deth,
There in her own, Far an ell breth;
Here, Lovely Nymph, pronounce my doom,
There, A ſafe way to uſe perfume;
Here, a page fill'd with billet-doux,
On t'other ſide, Laid out for ſhoes;
Madam, I die without your grace;
Item, For half a yard of lace.
Who that had wit would place it here,
For ev'ry peeping fop to jeer,

In pow'r of ſpittle and a clout,
Whene'er he pleaſe to blot it out;
And then, to heighten the diſgrace,
Clap his own nonſenſe in the place?
Whoe'er expects to hold his part
In ſuch a book and ſuch a heart,
If he be wealthy and a fool,
Is in all points the fitteſt tool;
Of whom it may be juſtly ſaid,
He's a gold pencil tipp'd with lead.

VANBRUGH'S HOUSE.

Built from the ruins of Whitehall that was burnt.

Written in the year 1706.

In times of old, when Time was young,
And poets their own verſes ſung,
A verſe could draw a ſtone or beam,
That now would overload a team,
Lead them a dance of many a mile,
Then rear them to a goodly pile:
Each number had its diff'rent pow'r;
Heroic ſtrains could build a tow'r;
Sonnets or elegies to Chloris
Might raiſe a houſe about two ſtories;
A lyric ode would ſlate; a catch
Would tile; an epigram would thatch.

But to their own or landlord's coſt,
Now poets feel this art is loſt:
Not one of all our tuneful throng
Can raiſe a lodging for a ſong;
For Jove conſider'd well the caſe,
Obſerv'd they grew a num'rous race,
And ſhould they build as faſt as write,
'Twould ruin undertakers quite:
This evil therefore to prevent,
He wiſely chang'd their element;
On earth the god of Wealth was made
Sole patron of the building-trade,
Leaving the wits the ſpacious air,
With licenſe to build caſtles there;
And 'tis conceiv'd their old pretence
To lodge in garrets comes from thence.
Premiſing thus, in modern way,
The better half we have to ſay:
Sing, Muſe! the Houſe of Poet Van
In higher ſtrains than we began.
Van (for 'tis fit the reader know it)
Is both a herald and a poet;
No wonder then if nicely ſkill'd
In both capacities to build.
As herald, he can in a day
Repair a Houſe gone to decay,
Or by achievement, arms, device,
Erect a new one in a trice;

And as a poet, he has ſkill
To build in ſpeculation ſtill.
" Great Jove!" he cry'd, " the art reſtore
" To build by verſe as heretofore,
" And make my Muſe the architect;
" What palaces ſhall we erect!
" No longer ſhall forſaken Thames
" Lament his old Whitehall in flames;
" A pile ſhall from its aſhes riſe
" Fit to invade or prop the ſkies."
Jove ſmil'd, and, like a gentle god,
Conſenting with the uſual nod,
Told Van he knew his talent beſt,
And left the choice to his own breaſt:
So Van reſolv'd to write a farce;
But, well perceiving wit was ſcarce,
With cunning that defect ſupplies,
Takes a French play as lawful prize,
Steals thence his plot and ev'ry joke,
Not once ſuſpecting Jove would ſmoke,
And (like a wag) ſat down to write,
Would whiſper to himſelf, A bite;
Then from the motley-mingled ſtyle
Proceeded to erect his pile.
So men of old, to gain renown, did
Build Babel with their tongues confounded.
Jove ſaw the cheat, but thought it beſt
To turn the matter to a jeſt;

Down from Olympus' top he ſlides,
Laughing as if he'd burſt his ſides.
"Ay," thought the god, "are theſe your tricks?
"Why, then old plays deſerve old bricks;
"And ſince you're ſparing of your ſtuff,
"Your building ſhall be ſmall enough."
He ſpake, and, grudging, lent his aid;
Th' experienc'd bricks, that knew their trade,
(As being bricks at ſecond hand)
Now move, and now in order ſtand.
The building, as the poet writ,
Roſe in proportion to his wit:
And firſt the prologue built a wall
So wide as to encompaſs all:
The ſcene, a wood, produc'd no more
Than a few ſcrubby trees before:
The plot as yet lay deep, and ſo
A cellar next was dug below;
But this a work ſo hard was found,
Two acts it coſt him under ground:
Two other acts, we may preſume,
Were ſpent in building each a room.
Thus far advanc'd, he made a ſhift
To raiſe a roof with act the fifth:
The epilogue behind did frame
A place not decent here to name.
Now poets from all quarters ran
To ſee the Houſe of Brother Van;

Look'd high and low, walk'd often round,
But no ſuch Houſe was to be found.
One aſks the waterman hard by,
Where may the poet's palace lie?
Another of the Thames inquires
If he has ſeen its gilded ſpires?
At length they in the rubbiſh ſpy
A thing reſembling a gooſe-pye:
Thither in haſte the poets throng,
And gaze in ſilent wonder long,
Till one in raptures thus began
To praiſe the pile and builder Van.
"Thrice happy Poet! who may'ſt trail
"Thy Houſe about thee like a ſnail;
"Or, harneſs'd to a nag, at eaſe
"Take journies in it like a chaiſe;
"Or in a boat, whene'er thou wilt,
"Canſt make it ſerve thee for a tilt.
"Capacious Houſe! 'tis own'd by all
"Thou'rt well contriv'd, tho' thou art ſmall;
"For ev'ry wit in Britain's iſle
"May lodge within thy ſpacious pile.
"Like Bacchus thou, as poets feign,
"Thy mother burnt, art born again,
"Born like a phœnix from the flame,
"But neither bulk nor ſhape the ſame:
"As animals of largeſt ſize
"Corrupt to maggots, worms, and flies,

" A type of modern wit and ſtyle,
" The rubbiſh of an ancient pile;
" So chymiſts boaſt they have a pow'r
" From the dead aſhes of a flow'r
" Some faint reſemblance to produce,
" But not the virtue, taſte, or juice.
" Some modern rhymers wiſely blaſt
" The poetry of ages paſt,
" Which after they have overthrown,
" They from its ruins build their own."

TO THE EARL OF PETERBORO',

Who commanded the

BRITISH FORCES IN SPAIN.

Written in the year 1706.

MORDANTO fills the trump of Fame,
The Chriſtian world his deeds proclaim,
And prints are crowded with his name.

In journies he outrides the poſt,
Sits up till midnight with his hoſt,
Talks politics, and gives the toaſt.

Knows ev'ry prince in Europe's face,
Flies like a ſquib from place to place,
And travels not, but runs a race.

From Paris Gazette A-la-main,
This day arriv'd, without his train,
Mordanto, in a week from Spain.

A meſſenger comes all a-reek
Mordanto at Madrid to ſeek;
He left the town above a week.

Next day the poſtboy winds his horn,
And rides thro' Dover in the morn;
Mordanto's landed from Leghorn.

Mordanto gallops on alone,
The roads are with his foll'wers ſtrown,
This breaks a girth, and that a bone:

His body, active as his mind,
Returning ſound in limb and wind,
Except ſome leather loſt behind.

A ſkeleton in outward figure,
His meagre corpſe, tho' full of vigour,
Would halt behind him were it bigger.

So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the leaſt ſuſpicion,
He's with you like an apparition.

Shines in all climates like a ſtar;
In ſenates bold, and fierce in war;
A land-commander and a tar.

Heroic actions early bred in,
Ne'er to be match'd in modern reading,
But by his nameſake Charles of Sweden.

MOTTO ON WHITSHED'S COACH*.

LIBERTAS ET NATALE SOLUM!
Liberty and my native country!

Written in the year 1706.

LIBERTAS et natale ſolum!
Fine words! I wonder where you ſtole 'em;
Could nothing but thy chief reproach
Serve for a Motto on thy Coach?
But let me now the words tranſlate:
Natale ſolum, my eſtate;
My dear eſtate! how well I love it!
My tenants, if you doubt, will prove it;
They ſwear I am ſo kind and good,
I hug them till I ſqueeze their blood.
Libertas bears a large import:
Firſt, how to ſwagger in a court;

* The noted Chief Juſtice who twice proſecuted the Drapier, and diſſolved the Grand Jury for not finding the bill againſt him.

And, ſecondly, to ſhew my fury
Againſt an uncomplying jury:
And, thirdly, 'tis a new invention
To favour Wood, and keep my penſion:
And, fourthly, 'tis to play an odd trick,
Get the great ſeal, and turn out Brod'rick:
And, fifthly, (you know whom I mean)
To humble that vexatious Dean:
And, ſixthly, for my ſoul to barter it,
For fifty times its worth, to Carteret.
Now ſince your Motto thus you conſtrue,
I muſt confeſs you've ſpoken once true.
Libertas et natale ſolum!
You had good reaſon when you ſtole 'em.

ON MRS. BIDDY FLOYD:

OR, THE RECEIPT TO FORM A BEAUTY.

Written in the year 1707.

When Cupid did his grandſire Jove entreat
To form ſome Beauty by a new Receipt,
Jove ſent, and found, far in a country-ſcene,
Truth, innocence, good-nature, look ſerene;
From which ingredients firſt the dex'trous boy
Pick'd the demure, the awkward, and the coy:
The Graces from the court did next provide
Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride;

Theſe Venus gleans from ev'ry ſpurious grain
Of nice coquette, affected, pert, and vain:
Jove mix'd up all, and his beſt clay employ'd,
Then call'd the happy compoſition Floyd.

APOLLO OUTWITTED.

To the honourable Mrs. Finch, afterwards Counteſs of Winchelſea, under her name of Ardelia.

Written in the year 1707.

Phoebus, now ſhort'ning ev'ry ſhade,
Up to the northern tropic came,
And thence beheld a lovely maid
Attending on a royal dame.

The god laid down his feeble rays,
Then lighted from his glitt'ring coach,
But fenc'd his head with his own bays,
Before he durſt the nymph approach.

Under thoſe ſacred leaves, ſecure
From common lightning of the ſkies,
He fondly thought he might endure
The flaſhes of Ardelia's eyes.

The nymph, who oft' had read in books
Of that bright god whom bards invoke,

Soon knew Apollo by his looks,
And gueſs'd his bus'neſs ere he ſpoke.

He in the old celeſtial cant
Confeſs'd his flame, and ſwore by Styx
Whate'er ſhe would deſire to grant.—
But wiſe Ardelia knew his tricks.

Ovid had warn'd her to beware
Of ſtrolling gods, whoſe uſual trade is,
Under pretence of taking air,
To pick up ſublunary ladies.

Howe'er, ſhe gave no flat denial,
As having malice in her heart,
And was reſolv'd, upon a trial,
To cheat the god in his own art.

" Hear my requeſt," the virgin ſaid;
" Let which I pleaſe of all the Nine
" Attend whene'er I want their aid,
" Obey my call, and only mine."

By vow oblig'd, by paſſion led,
The god could not refuſe her pray'r;
He wav'd his wreath thrice o'er her head,
Thrice mutter'd ſomething to the air.

And now he thought to ſeize his due;
But ſhe the charm already try'd:
Thalia heard the call, and flew
To wait at bright Ardelia's ſide.

On ſight of this celeſtial prude
Apollo thought it vain to ſtay,
Nor in her preſence durſt be rude,
But made his leg, and went away.

He hop'd to find ſome lucky hour
When on the Queen the Muſes wait;
But Pallas owns Ardelia's pow'r,
For vows divine are kept by Fate.

Then, full of rage, Apollo ſpoke;
"Deceitful Nymph! I ſee thy art,
"And tho' I can't my gift revoke,
"I'll diſappoint its nobler part.

"Let ſtubborn pride poſſeſs thee long,
"And be thou negligent of fame;
"With ev'ry Muſe to grace thy ſong,
"May'ſt thou deſpiſe a poet's name.

"Of modeſt poets be thou firſt;
"To ſilent ſhades repeat thy verſe,

"Till Fame and Echo almoſt burſt,
"Yet hardly dare one line rehearſe.

"And, laſt, my vengeance to complete,
"May you deſcend to take renown,
"Prevail'd on by the thing you hate,
"A Whig, and one that wears a gown."

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

IMITATED FROM OVID, BOOK VIII.

Written about the year 1708.

In ancient times, as ſtory tells,
The ſaints would often leave their cells,
And ſtroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hoſpitality.
It happen'd on a winter night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother hermits, ſaints by trade,
Taking their tour in maſquerade,
Diſguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
To a ſmall village down in Kent,
Where, in the ſtrollers' canting ſtrain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain,
Try'd ev'ry tone might pity win,
But not a ſoul would let them in.

Our wand'ring ſaints in woeful ſtate,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having thro' all the village paſt,
To a ſmall cottage came at laſt,
Where dwelt a good old honeſt ye'man,
Call'd in the neighbourhood Philemon,
Who kindly did theſe ſaints invite
In his poor hut to paſs the night;
And then the hoſpitable ſire
Bid Goody Baucis mend the fire,
While he from out the chimney took
A flitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fatteſt ſide
Cut out large ſlices to be fry'd;
Then ſtepp'd aſide to fetch 'em drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
And ſaw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what is wonderful!) they found
'Twas ſtill repleniſh'd to the top,
As if they had not touch'd a drop.
The good old couple were amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd,
For both were frighten'd to the heart,
And juſt began to cry—What art!
Then ſoftly turn'd aſide to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle pilgrims, ſoon aware on't,
Told them their calling and their errant.

"Good folks! you need not be afraid,
"We are but ſaints," the hermits ſaid:
"No hurt ſhall come to you or yours;
"But for that pack of churliſh boors,
"Not fit to live on Chriſtian ground,
"They and their houſes ſhall be drown'd,
"Whilſt you ſhall ſee your cottage riſe,
"And grow a church before your eyes."
  They ſcarce had ſpoke, when fair and ſoft
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft roſe ev'ry beam and rafter,
The heavy wall climb'd ſlowly after.
  The chimney widen'd and grew high'r,
Became a ſteeple with a ſpire.
  The kettle to the top was hoiſt,
And there ſtood faſten'd to a joiſt,
But with the upſide down, to ſhow
Its inclination for below:
In vain, for a ſuperior force
Apply'd at bottom ſtops its courſe;
Doom'd ever in ſuſpenſe to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.
  A wooden jack, which had almoſt
Loſt by diſuſe the art to roaſt,
A ſudden alteration feels,
Increas'd by new inteſtine wheels,
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion ſlow'r.

The flier, tho' it had leaden feet,
Turn'd round ſo quick you ſcarce could ſee't;
But, ſlacken'd by ſome ſecret pow'r,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, near ally'd,
Had never left each other's ſide:
The chimney to a ſteeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone,
But, up againſt the ſteeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and ſtill adher'd;
And ſtill its love to houſehold-cares,
By a ſhrill voice, at noon declares,
Warning the cook-maid not to burn
That roaſt-meat which it cannot turn.

The groaning chair began to crawl,
Like a huge ſnail, along the wall,
There ſtuck aloft in public view,
And, with ſmall change, a pulpit grew.

The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glitt'ring ſhow,
To a leſs noble ſubſtance chang'd,
Were now but leathern buckets rang'd.

The ballads paſted on the wall,
Of Joan of France and Engliſh Moll,
Fair Roſamond and Robin Hood,
The Little Children in the Wood,
Now ſeem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in picture, ſize, and letter,

And, high in order plac'd, defcribe
The heraldry of ev'ry tribe.
  A bedftead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our anceftors did ufe,
Was metamorphos'd into pews,
Which ftill their ancient nature keep,
By lodging folks difpos'd to fleep.
  The cottage, by fuch feats as thefe
Grown to a church by juft degrees,
The hermits then defir'd their hoft
To afk for what he fancy'd moft.
Philemon, having paus'd a while,
Return'd them thanks in homely ftyle;
Then faid, " My houfe is grown fo fine,
" Methinks I ftill would call it mine;
" I'm old, and fain would live at eafe;
" Make me the Parfon if you pleafe."
  He fpoke; and prefently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels;
He fees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding-fleeve;
His waiftcoat to a caffoc grew,
And both affum'd a fable hue,
But, being old, continued juft
As threadbare and as full of duft.
His talk was now of tythes and dues;
He fmok'd his pipe and read the news,

Knew how to preach old ſermons next,
Vamp'd in the preface and the text;
At chriſt'nings well could act his part,
And had the Service all by heart;
Wiſh'd women might have children faſt,
And thought whoſe ſow had farrow'd laſt;
Againſt Diſſenters would repine,
And ſtood up firm for right divine;
Found his head fill'd with many a ſyſtem;
But claſſic authors,—he ne'er miſs'd 'em.
Thus having furbiſh'd up a parſon,
Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce on.
Inſtead of home-ſpun coifs, were ſeen
Good pinners edg'd with Colberteen;
Her petticoat, transform'd apace,
Became black ſatin flounc'd with lace.
Plain Goody would no longer down;
'Twas Madam, in her grogram gown.
Philemon was in great ſurpriſe,
And hardly could believe his eyes,
Amaz'd to ſee her look ſo prim,
And ſhe admir'd as much at him.
Thus happy in their change of life
Were ſev'ral years this man and wife,
When on a day, which prov'd their laſt,
Diſcourſing o'er old ſtories paſt,
They went by chance, amidſt their talk,
To the church-yard to take a walk,

When Baucis haſtily cry'd out,
" My Dear, I ſee your forehead ſprout!"
" Sprout!" quoth the man; " what's this you tell us?
" I hope you don't believe me jealous:
" But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
" And really your's is budding too——
" Nay,—now I cannot ſtir my foot;
" It feels as if 'twere taking root."
  Deſcription would but tire my Muſe;
In ſhort, they were both turn'd to yews.
  Old Goodman Dobſon of the Green
Remembers he the trees has ſeen;
He'll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folks to ſhew the ſight:
On Sundays, after ev'ning pray'r,
He gathers all the pariſh there;
Points out the place of either yew,
Here Baucis, there Philemon, grew;
Till once a parſon of our town,
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down,
At which 'tis hard to be believ'd
How much the other tree was griev'd,
Grew ſcrubby, dy'd a-top, was ſtunted,
So the next parſon ſtubb'd and burnt it.

THE

HISTORY OF VANBRUGH'S HOUSE.

Written in the year 1708.

When Mother Clud had rose from play,
And call'd to take the cards away,
Van saw, but seem'd not to regard,
How Miss pick'd ev'ry painted card,
And, busy both with hand and eye,
Soon rear'd a House two stories high.
Van's genius, without thought or lecture,
Is hugely turn'd to architecture;
He view'd the edifice, and smil'd,
Vow'd it was pretty for a child:
It was so perfect in its kind,
He kept the model in his mind.
But when he found the boys at play,
And saw them dabbling in their clay,
He stood behind a stall to lurk,
And mark the progress of their work;
With true delight observ'd them all
Raking up mud to build a wall:
The plan he much admir'd, and took
The model in his table-book;
Thought himself now exactly skill'd,
And so resolv'd a House to build,

A real Houſe, with rooms and ſtairs,
Five times at leaſt as big as theirs;—
Taller than Miſs's by two yards;
Not a ſham thing of clay or cards:
And ſo he did; for in a while
He built up ſuch a monſtrous pile,
That no two chairmen could be found
Able to lift it from the ground.
Still at Whitehall it ſtands in view,
Juſt in the place where firſt it grew;
There all the little ſchoolboys run,
Envying to ſee themſelves outdone.
  From ſuch deep rudiments as theſe
Van is become, by due degrees,
For building fam'd, and juſtly reckon'd
At court Vitruvius the Second:
No wonder, ſince wiſe authors ſhow
That beſt foundations muſt be low:
And now the Duke has wiſely ta'en him
To be his architect at Blenheim.
But, raillery for once apart,
If this rule holds in ev'ry art,
Or if his Grace were no more ſkill'd in
The art of batt'ring walls then building,
We might expect to ſee next year
A mouſe-trap-man chief engineer.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE MORNING.

Written about the year 1712.

Now hardly here and there an hackney-coach
Appearing, ſhew'd the ruddy Morn's approach:
Now Betty from her maſter's bed had flown,
And ſoftly ſtole to diſcompoſe her own:
The ſlipſhod 'prentice from his maſter's door
Had par'd the dirt, and ſprinkled round the floor:
Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dext'rous airs,
Prepar'd to ſcrub the entry and the ſtairs:
The youth with broomy ſtumps began to trace
The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place:
The ſmall-coal man was heard with cadence deep,
Till drown'd in ſhriller notes of chimney-ſweep:
Duns at his Lordſhip's gate began to meet,
And brick-duſt Moll had ſcream'd thro' half the ſtreet:
The turnkey now his flock returning fees,
Duly let out a-nights to ſteal for fees:
The watchful bailiffs take their ſilent ſtands,
And ſchoolboys lag with ſatchels in their hands.

THE VIRTUES OF

SID HAMET THE MAGICIAN'S ROD.

Written in 1712.

The Rod was but a harmleſs wand
While Moſes held it in his hand,

But ſoon as e'er he laid it down,
'Twas a devouring ſerpent grown.
Our great Magician, Hamet Sid,
Reverſes what the prophet did;
His Rod was honeſt Engliſh wood,
That ſenſeleſs in a corner ſtood,
Till, metamorphos'd by his graſp,
It grew an all-devouring aſp;
Would hiſs, and ſting, and roll, and twiſt,
By the mere virtue of his fiſt;
But when he laid it down, as quick
Reſum'd the figure of a ſtick.
So to her midnight-feaſt the hag
Rides on a broomſtick for a nag,
That, rais'd by magic of her breech,
O'er ſea and land conveys the witch,
But with the morning-dawn reſumes
The peaceful ſtate of common brooms.
They tell us ſomething ſtrange and odd
About a certain magic rod,
That, bending down its top, divines
Whene'er the ſoil has golden mines;
Where there are none it ſtands erect,
Scorning to ſhew the leaſt reſpect:
As ready was the wand of Sid
To bend where golden mines were hid;
In Scottiſh hills found precious ore,
Where none e'er look'd for it before;

And by a gentle bow divin'd
How well a cully's purſe was lin'd;
To a forlorn and broken rake,
Stood without motion, like a ſtake.
The rod of Hermes was renown'd
For charms above and under ground;
To ſleep could mortal eyelids fix,
And drive departed ſouls to Styx:
That rod was juſt a type of Sid's,
Which o'er a Britiſh ſenate's lids
Could ſcatter opium full as well,
And drive as many ſouls to hell.
Sid's Rod was ſlender, white and tall,
Which oft' he us'd to fiſh withal;
A plaice was faſten'd to the hook,
And many ſcore of gudgeons took;
Yet ſtill ſo happy was his fate,
He caught his fiſh and ſav'd his bait.
Sid's brethren of the conj'ring tribe
A circle with their rods deſcribe,
Which proves a magical redoubt
To keep miſchievous ſpirits out.
Sid's Rod was of a larger ſtride,
And made a circle thrice as wide,
Where ſpirits throng'd with hideous din,
And he ſtood there to take them in;
But when th' inchanted Rod was broke,
They vaniſh'd in a ſtinking ſmoke.

Achilles' ſceptre was of wood,
Like Sid's, but nothing near ſo good,
That down from anceſtors divine
Tranſmitted to the hero's line,
Thence thro' a long deſcent of kings,
Came an heir-loom, as Homer ſings.
Tho' this deſcription looks ſo big,
That ſceptre was a ſapleſs twig,
Which from the fatal day, when firſt
It left the foreſt where 'twas nurſt,
As Homer tells us o'er and o'er,
Nor leaf, nor fruit, nor bloſſom, bore.
Sid's ſceptre, full of juice, did ſhoot
In golden boughs and golden fruit;
And he, the dragon, never ſleeping,
Guarded each fair Heſperian pippin.
No hobby horſe with gorgeous top,
The deareſt in Charles Mather's ſhop,
Or glitt'ring tinſel of May-fair,
Could with this Rod of Sid compare.
Dear Sid! then, why wert thou ſo mad
To break thy Rod like naughty lad?
You ſhould have kiſs'd it in your diſtreſs,
And then return it to your miſtreſs,
Or made it a New-market ſwitch,
And not a Rod for thy own breech:
But ſince old Sid has broken this,
His next may be a Rod in piſs.

ATLAS:
OR, THE MINISTER OF STATE.

TO THE LORD TREASURER OXFORD.

Written in the year 1712.

Atlas, we read in ancient ſong,
Was ſo exceeding tall and ſtrong,
He bore the ſkies upon his back,
Juſt as a pedlar does his pack;
But as a pedlar over-preſt,
Unloads upon a ſtall to reſt,
Or, when he can no longer ſtand,
Deſires a friend to lend a hand;
So Atlas, leſt the pond'rous ſpheres
Should ſink and fall about his ears,
Got Hercules to bear the pile,
That he might ſit and reſt a while.
Yet Hercules was not ſo ſtrong,
Nor could have borne it half ſo long.
Great ſtateſmen are in this condition,
And Atlas is a politician,
A premier miniſter of ſtate,
Alcides one of ſecond rate.
Suppoſe, then, Atlas ne'er ſo wiſe,
Yet when the weight of kingdoms lies
Too long upon his ſingle ſhoulders,
Sink down he muſt, or find upholders.

CORINNA.

Written in the year 1712.

This day (the year I dare not tell)
Apollo play'd the midwife's part;
Into the world Corinna fell,
And he endow'd her with his art:

But Cupid with a Satyr comes,
Both ſoftly to the cradle creep;
Both ſtroke her hands and rub her gums,
While the poor child lay faſt aſleep.

Then Cupid thus: "This little maid
"Of love ſhall always ſpeak and write:"
"And I pronounce," the Satyr ſaid,
"The world ſhall feel her ſcratch and bite."

Her talent ſhe diſplay'd betimes;
For in twice twelve revolving moons
She ſeem'd to laugh and ſquall in rhymes,
And all her geſtures were lampoons.

At ſix years old the ſubtle jade
Stole to the pantry-door, and found
The butler with my lady's maid,
And you may ſwear the tale went round.

She made a ſong, how little Miſs
Was kiſs'd and ſlobber'd by a lad;
And how when Maſter went to p—,
Miſs came, and peep'd at all he had.

At twelve a wit and a coquette,
Marries for love, half whore, half wife;
Cuckolds, elopes, and runs in debt;
Turns auth'reſs, and is Curll's for life.

Her common-place book all gallant is,
Of ſcandal now a *cornucopia*,
She pours it out in Atalantis,
Or Memoirs of the new Utopia.

THE FABLE OF MIDAS.

Written in the year 1712.

MIDAS, we are in ſtory told,
Turn'd ev'ry thing he touch'd to gold:
He chipp'd his beard; the pieces round
Glitter'd like ſpangles on the ground.
A codling, ere it went his lip in,
Would ſtraight become a golden pippin.
He call'd for drink; you ſaw him ſup
Potable gold in golden cup.
His empty paunch that he might fill,
He ſuck'd his victuals thro' a quill;
Untouch'd it paſs'd between his grinders,
Or't had been happy for gold-finders.
He cock'd his hat, you would have ſaid
Mambrino's helm adorn'd his head.
Whene'er he chanc'd his hands to lay
On magazines of corn or hay,

Gold ready coin'd appear'd, inftead
Of paltry provender and bread;
Hence by wife farmers we are told,
Old hay is equal to old gold;
And hence a critic deep maintains,
We learn'd to weigh our gold by grains.
  This fool had got a lucky hit,
And people fancy'd he had wit.
Two gods their fkill in mufic try'd,
And both chofe Midas to decide;
He againft Phœbus' harp decreed,
And gave it for Pan's oaten reed:
The god of Wit, to fhew his grudge,
Clapt affes' ears upon the judge;
A goodly pair, erect and wide,
Which he could neither gild nor hide.
  And now the virtue of his hands
Was loft among Pactolus' fands,
Againft whofe torrent while he fwims,
The golden fcurf peels off his limbs:
Fame fpreads the news, and people travel
From far to gather golden gravel:
Midas, expos'd to all their jeers,
Had loft his art, and kept his ears.
  This tale inclines the gentle reader
To think upon a certain leader,
To whom from Midas down defcends
That virtue in the fingers' ends.

What elſe by perquiſites are meant,
By penſions, bribes, and three *per cent.*
By places and commiſſions ſold,
And turning dung itſelf to gold?
By ſtarving in the midſt of ſtore,
As t'other Midas did before?
None e'er did modern Midas chuſe
Subject or patron of his Muſe,
But found him thus their merit ſcan,
That Phœbus muſt give place to Pan:
He values not the poet's praiſe,
Nor will exchange his plums * for bays:
To Pan alone rich miſers call;
And there's the jeſt, for Pan is All.
Here Engliſh wits will be to ſeek;
Howe'er, 'tis all one in the Greek.
Beſides, it plainly now appears
Our Midas too hath aſſes' ears,
Where every fool his mouth applies,
And whiſpers in a thouſand lies:
Such groſs deluſions could not paſs
Thro' any ears but of an aſs.
But gold defiles with frequent touch;
There's nothing fouls the hand ſo much;
And ſcholars give it for the cauſe
Of Britiſh Midas' dirty paws,
Which while the ſenate ſtrove to ſcour,
They waſh'd away the chymic power.

* A cant word for 100,000 l.

While he his utmoſt ſtrength apply'd,
To ſwim againſt this pop'lar tide,
The golden ſpoils flew off apace;
Here fell a penſion, there a place:
The torrent mercileſs imbibes
Commiſſions, perquiſites, and bribes;
By their own weight ſunk to the bottom,
Much good may't do 'em that have caught 'em;
And Midas now neglected ſtands
With aſſes' ears and dirty hands.

DEAN SWIFT'S ANSWER

TO VERSES BY DR. SHERIDAN.

SIR,

In reading your letter alone in my hackney,
Your damnable riddle my poor brains did rack nigh;
And when with much labour the matter I crackt,
I found you miſtaken in matter of fact.
 A woman's no ſieve, (for with that you begin)
Becauſe ſhe lets out more than e'er ſhe takes in;
And that ſhe's a riddle can never be right,
For a riddle is dark, but a woman is light:
But grant her a ſieve, I can ſay ſomething archer,
Pray what is a man? he's a fine linen ſearcher.
 Now tell me a thing that wants interpretation,
What name for a maid was the firſt man's damnation?
If your Worſhip will pleaſe to explain me this rebus,
I ſwear from henceforward you ſhall be my Phœbus.

From my hackney-coach, Sept. 11.
1712, *paſt* 12 *at noon.*

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